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A. B. C. 5TH EDITION.
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Sunday,
Aug. 29. '26

Dearest Patty,

Afternoon tea has just arrived and Mother and Betty are taking it in Marnie's room adjoining ours and connected by a veranda where the coach stands are, from which we look out over a Japanese garden and crater colored and then fields and hedges and farm houses to high green mountains. On the other side of the house is Asama, an active volcano. Do you remember the beautiful Japanese sword in our library at Englewood? The friend who gave it to us was killed by a sudden eruption of this volcano which he had climbed and from which he could not escape when the eruption came. Just now it is quiet and there have been no earth quakes either for several weeks. Just before we arrived here there was a good shaking. Yokohama still shows the terrible ravages of the great earthquake of several years ago.

Mother and Marnie and Bill do not attend missionary meetings very much. Mother conducts such gorgeous people and Bill plays tennis & takes walks. Mother found the over skirt of light, cool dresses she had had a Chinese tailor here copy her. She has bought four, I think, for about fifty dollars for all of them together. Bill could not be happy until he had a new bathing suit. He got one that had trouble in fitting and he says enough. His voice is growing much more base.

I am glad that we came to Japan at this season rather than last days. The day before we reached Tokyo, when Marnie was crossing for us was terrid. And I am glad that we did not have to go to Shanghai in August, for that was the worst they have had for forty years.

Since I wrote to you last Sunday at Nakkasaki I have had a good long trip down to this place. It was a totally Japanese trip and I got beyond any chance of roaming around the sleeping car in my pyjamas. Some of our fellow travelers had no such luxury as pyjamas. The ladies were the most provocatively chic. Courtesy requires them to sleep just as and by precisely the obstacle that does by sleeping in a high hard pillowless. One nice lady, however, changed her dress and spent three in the open.

The clouds come and go here. At one time we were completely shut in them. Then they were suddenly or slight away. We have had no rain, however, which is a comfort.

The Japanese children are always the charmers. They go in little companies like flocks of gaily colored birds and they are never slovenly and most of them seem to have younger brothers or sisters tied on their backs. No wonder in the heads of the little babies stick out and the rest doesn't put out their little upturned eyes.

The most objectionable things are the smells and they are worse just in China. Only we shall be in China on the outcomes and the smells there are a little mitigated. In midsummer heat they are dreadful. And they come floating in the church windows or closed or we.

Mother and Marnie are delighted with a book called "A Daughter of the Samurai" written by a Japanese woman in Columbia town. Where you met Mrs. Winston in England. Page after page of it is the truest picture of Japanese life especially of girls and women that has been written.

Marnie says they sent you a cooly coat from Yokohama. You should see the English signs here. I saw one reading "Maker of Paint and Building. Job the Cooly." I suppose the first part meant "Building Contractor."

I went shopping yesterday and bought some necklaces - glorious pearls for fifty cents a string!

We are having wonderful time visiting in Japanese homes. And meeting many lovely Japanese people. If only you two could see. We think of you and your good, unselfish willingness to help the summer. You can have your reward.

Your loving girl

Nathan

CABLE ADDRESS:
"MIYAKO" KYOTO.

TEL. NOS. 336, 337 & 338 (KAMI)

THE MIYAKO HOTEL, KYOTO.

Kyoto, Sept. 5th Sunday 1926

Dear Patty,

It is another hot Sunday afternoon. B.V.D.s are quite sufficient and I have an electric fan. The sun is glaring hot and is shining on the roofs all around. However an occasional breeze stirs in breathing of September, and I can look off over the tile roofs to the green trees of old palaces and beyond there to bright green mountains which surround the old city. Mother and Marnie and Bill have been here for four days but I came only yesterday. Bill went up on a trip to the highest mountain in the neighborhood but the rest of us had a few more seeing temples and palaces, not another Shidayoshi around. He was a conqueror of Korea many years ago and he brought back as a nice trophy of his conquest 30000 pairs of Korean ears to make the mound! He would have come on a bit since those days.

You should see the dining room here. The hotel is built on a hill side. It is on side of the room is a hill side garden that

in good Japanese taste. On the other side we look down and out over the city and hills. The waitresses are Japanese girls and they look and feel about like a bevy of butterflies. The morning after I went to Kamakura I was alone except for a little three year old, yellow-headed American boy. All the butterflies were arranged around him in a circle watching his every move and when he left they all followed him - dressed in our remarkable costumes.

There is one Japanese Presbyterian graduate here and he came for us in his car this morning to take us to church and then to show us several of the other churches. He is also by training the Presbyterian educational secretary of Tokyo.

We leave this evening by sleeper for Shimonoseki where we shall transport right by the one night ferry ship to Fusan, Korea. I hope you are well and the College may give you finishing.

Your very loving

Father

RALPH C. WELLS
Chairman
CHARLES E. PATTON
Vice-Chairman and Secretary
MARGARET A. FRAME
Secretary

THE CHINA COUNCIL
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.A.
519 THE MISSIONS BUILDING
SHANGHAI

J. W. LOWRIE,
Honorary Chairman
CABLE ADDRESS: LINK, SHANGHAI
THE MISSIONS CODE
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 473

Tsinan, China,
Oct. 10. 26

Dear Patty,

This is the capital of Shantung Province and today is the 15th Anniversary of the establishment of the Chinese Republic. The students of the University have had quite a celebration this morning. The flag pole in the center of the Campus had been decorated and at 8:30 there was a great explosion of fire-crackers. Then with the band played "John Brown's Body" the procession marched around the great administration square and formed a circle about the pole. A girl student president and a boy made an address on Sun Yat Sen, the great republican leader, and the greatness of character now needed in China. Then the flag was raised and bowed to and cheered. It was interesting to note that while the flag was going up the band played, "Ashamed of Jesus." Then the procession marched into the chapel for Sunday morning service and I spoke.

You would be in transports over some of the beauties of land and temple

but even the smallest temples are falling into ruin up in Northern China. It is said that some earnest Buddhists are repairing Buddhist temples in the South. We shall be interested to discover whether this is true.

The other evening coming home I got into a fascinating Chinese toy shop. The prices for towards, which are made not far from here, were simply ridiculous – from four to twenty cents for an big strong & native towards, some of them very pretty. I have a great lot of them and you can have your pick. I could get more but they are too heavy to carry.

Next Sunday I expect to be in Mongkai and the Sunday after that in Hankow, the week in Mongkai again and the week in Canton if the country does not blow up as I do not think it will.

Mother and Betty are happy with Marjorie.

Write dearest love,

Father

I expect to see Clarence in Hankow. I have a box of stockings for him from his Mother,

RALPH C. WELLS
Chairman
CHARLES E. PATTON
Vice-Chairman and Secretary
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Nanking, China,
Oct. 27. 26

Dearest Betty,

I have just seen Octavia and delivered to her a box of strawberries which her Mother sent to me in New York to bring out to Octavia. She was glad to get the message of love from you and Mother and Marion and Bill. Also this last week I saw Mabel Hall in Shanghai. She spoke of your and her invitation to you to come to visit her in Shanghai when you come to China. Well, there is no place which is in more of a blessing and privilege to visit than Shanghai. The three Moulsworth sisters are saints and angels and prestigious. They have a hospital that is a wonder for efficiency and love and their prestigious have made you laugh and delight and weep and pity. They have saved a thousand babies thrown out to die a lonely death by dogs. The city has given them an old temple of honor the 50 or 60 children they have always on hand. The idols are crowded in in one corner and the orphans occupy the place — an orphanage and chapel, as a dormitory. You never saw such pathetic and love in little those children. Our concert to their morning prayers. They hold one hands and lift on about and kneel down for their prayers at one knee. The least child present girl instructed in leading me over the way have for one hand and another tiny tot hold my other hand and carried a lantern. It both broke and healed mine heart. One poor tiny tot been picked up the night one came to

had been flung out on the hill back of the Russian compound and three days were waiting for it to die before eating it. I stayed with them the Nordach sisters whom I have known ever since they came girls out to me, among the rarest and finest characters on earth.

Mother sent me the enclosed to forward to you. The Chinese treasure which Americans make as quiet as lodgers as those of the Chinese in English. My friend Judge Bappington of Pittsburg was in China some years ago and made a speech at a Presbyterian dinner in a provincial capital. He thought to end it in fine Chinese style by saying three times "I am unworthy" and he learned the proper word. But he slipped up on the tones and said instead, three times "Unclean, unclean, unclean!"

Mother and Betty are still in Peking and will be for nearly three weeks more. Before coming home to join me in Shanghai, I will go down to see them again. It is now a month since I left them.

Good deal love

Father.

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Please return to me E.S.

Weihsien, Oct 3, 1926.

Dearest Elliott and Patty,

There was no time today for two letters. Was you shown them? Mine days are packed as full as days can be. The first week would have knocked a friend any one not made of wrought iron. Monday evening after a glorious 20 course Chinese feast we left Tsingtsien on a packed 3d class Chinese train and made to Lin Chang where the bandits last year seized Mrs. Rockefeller's sister and the other foreigners last year. There we slept in a Chinese Christian chapel until 3.30 am and then took a box car, sitting on the floor, for Tsao Chuang where we walked up and down for two hours and then took an open flat car, sitting on our boxes, through a bandit infested land, to Yi hsien. Where there is a missionary station. The following day we returned on road to Lin Chang where we sat in a baking box of a car for six hours and then took a train where we sat in a Chinese dining car until 2.30 am to Fenchowfu where the German missionaries were killed for whom Germany seized Kiaochow Bay, precipitating the Boxer troubles. There we lay down in a cold steel box car on our boxes until daybreak, when we rode in another 3d class down to Chining Chow, another missionary station. The next day we returned to Fenchowfu, sat on our boxes amid a crowd of Chinese admirers for some hours and then packed into a box car with about 70 or 80 Chinese and sat there packed like sardines (somewhat smelly) for nine hours - reaching Tsinanfu about midnight. That's our story.

Yesterday we came in a good train through a beautiful country on a glorious

something day to their station. I was invited out by the Brown but is now all retired and in the centre of one of our richest missionary fields in China. We had a wonderful welcome last evening from some 500 people in the school and 100 or 200 other Christians and this morning I spoke to the large church. There is probably a more loving, self-sacrificing group of Christians here than in any of our other stations. I am just going now for a conference with some 20 or 30 of the Chinese Christian leaders. There are some interesting personalities among them. One of them made a welcoming speech last night which came from a full and praise.

Our rice yesterday was taken on of the richest and richest farming districts of China with monuments to records of peace art and tradition of farming folk now busy as ants in all the fields gathering the crops and getting the long root and seed for food. The country is kept in terror and poverty by bandits and by soldiers who are little different from bandits. The railroads and railroad stations are full of soldiers. At present the Northern armies hold and contrived against the Southern. There is a deal of Russian duplicity going on. The Southern people are undoubtedly being used and provoked by Russia. Many Chinese do claim that it is the Chinese who are using the Russians, and that they are in due time throw them off. It remains to be seen. What is lacking in strong, honest, clear-headed patriotism both North and South.

With dearest love,

Father.

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Nokkeushi, Japan
Saturday, Aug 22. 21

Dear Patty,

This is farthest north. Mother and Marnie and Bill are in Nikko today to see its loveliness. The Japanese say "If you have not seen Nikko you cannot say 'kekko'" that is, you do not know what beauty is. I hope that they are comparing it there. It was scattering rain in Tokyo. As far as we have — it is like October at Diamond Pond, fresh and invigorating. If you have look at the map you will see where I am, away up at the north end of the northern island of Japan. It is very much like Northern New England — elm and birch and larch and spruce trees, lilacs, holly, hydrangeas, daisies and all our home flowers and after living Japanese food for some days you can imagine how I feel to get in late last night to Dr. and Mrs. Pierson's home here and to find you by hot rolls and chocolate and honey and ice cream and to go down to breakfast and find strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and red and white currants and oatmeal and bacon and eggs and on Sunday dinner to have chicken and peas, beans, beets, potatoes and lettuce straight from the Pierson garden. I wonder a little if their lawn and the lawn just exactly as it is now. We have just been having after dinner coffee on the lawn on this very table with the lawn cropping beside us. And when the Piersons come here there was absolutely nothing where they have made a little garden spot of comfort and beauty

and peace. The breeze is blowing in so fresh and cool now that I am writing that I must shut the window. It is hard to realize that only six days ago I was sweltering in Tokyo.

It had been very interesting to be living three days right with the Japanese. Friday night we stayed with the Japanese pastor at Peiska. You would have seen me eating my dinner with chop sticks – bean curd soup, rice, rice fish, steamed onions and then I slept on the floor in the rice Japanese bed with a great canopy of a green mosquito net over me. I don't mind hard beds but it would have been dreadful for Mother.

I have had to learn to count a little and to say "Gochiso Sama", "I have had an excellent meal", and "Arigato", "thank you". But Japanese certainly is a monster of a language and to hear it spoken by Japanese is terribly jerky and staccato.

Thursday night in a Japanese hotel I was ushered into the hot bath and found it already occupied by a lady and gentleman who would have stood room for me but I withdrew! The bath was a great wooden tub which would hold easily a dozen.

I'm anxious early on start South and hope to rejoin Mother on Wednesday at Karuizawa

I think always of you and Elizabeth and Stanley and Cornelia and Eleanor

With dearest love to you all,

A big Hokkaido mint and buckwheat

Father.

Peking. China.
Sept. 19. '26

Dearest Patty,

Here we are in Marvellous City. We had a fine trip together from Pyongyang to Mukden and from Mukden to Peking. On the last part we were in the same car with the Haggards of Highwood. We passed the Eastern end of the Great Wall early in the morning and could see it in the moonlight. We reached Peking on Monday and have had a glorious week since then. We have had the best, warm days and cool nights but the air clear and invigorating. The city is certainly one of the most fascinating places in the world in spite of dust and the street cries and the poverty and the miserable lives of things generally. At present the government city is closed and the seven government educational institutions are closed for want of money to run them. The coolies are asking each morning for their carfare as they are penniless. If ever there was a set of men who deserved hanging it is these men

who are destroying their country.

We spent yesterday at Maurice Tomesky. It must be a wonderful place when it is done but there must yet be buildings for which money is given as nearly done the landscape work needs all to be done.

Mother and Kitty plan to remain here until Maurice probably for his mother but I know they both and Mark to wandering all over Ulster when it is possible to wander I had hoped to go to Norman but that is probably to impossible in view of fighting.

We are in a nice clean cottage, in the very room where Maurice died last year. We send you dearest love,

Yours very loving

Pattie

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Pyeng Yang, Korea or Heijo, Chosen
Sunday, Sept 12, '26

Dear Patty,

We came to Kyoto, Japan last Sunday and it was hot as hot. We saw much here. We are at the city of [illegible] Korea, called Pyeng Yang or also by the Korean name Heijo by the Japanese. Heijo means in an older Korean name [illegible] is an ancient city & dates back [illegible] years. [illegible] the Japanese [illegible] but [illegible] a [illegible] Korean architecture. [illegible] Korean [illegible] there today.

All [illegible] you. [illegible] Sunday School [illegible] church [illegible] all Sunday morning. Our church [illegible] three services, for men, women and children. Between 5th & 6th [illegible] over 1200 in these two services. There was one page [illegible] Sunday School [illegible] by a Korean School girl. Dr. Kim [illegible] handling that [illegible] every [illegible]

I came here first in 1896 and it is hard to realize the changes which have taken place since then. The Japanese are [illegible] improvements and teaching a lesson. And the Mission work has grown in [illegible] remarkable way. There are more than 20 churches here now and I can hear several church bells ringing for the afternoon service at 2:30. I am going to Dorothy in a few minutes to see Sunday School & see the preaching service and to hear the preaching.

The past week has been very busy and most interesting. On Sept 4 Monday in [illegible]

night to Pusan in Korea. Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning we spent at Taiku and Sunday afternoon to Kwangju. I got you an Korean fan. It was great fun in the bazaar and a crowd of merchants pushing their wares in the same market. In Kwangju we went an entire day through the Government Hospital. There we saw the nurses, having a degree nine months and clinic two years. I met between Taiku and Pusan and the Stevens and Miss Chamberlain taken us by the Governor, Baron Daito, who was doing all at the Stevens Co. and very kind about the girls. Very interesting to Mrs. Stevens to meet the Governor's wife as her sensation to Mrs. Stevens. Jim had heard the news was only a little 13 years old! and so he has been left out of the great report.

Mother let it out the Sunday was my birthday, and in consequence I got some presents and the usual celebration. The girls in Miss Lutton's birthday cake which was received yesterday.

This morning we went to Seven o'clock church to see the Sunday School, numbering which had over 1000 and this afternoon I have attended three services and have just seen some heads from a fourth which was the Communion service of the Korean General Assembly. Tonight the missionaries and all the children in the American School have walk out for an English service. It is beautiful to have it so cool and comfortable and I hope we are just had another month.

You cannot imagine to look out from my window over the thatched roofed houses dotting the mountainsides and over other buildings with heavy tile roofs sufficiently curved down to shed water, and wide eaves are all well and seem dreamed here.

Your loving Father

RALPH C. WELLS
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S.S. President Grant, Sunday, Nov. 14, '26

Dearest Patty,

We are returning now to Shanghai on the same big Admiral or President line boat which a fortnight ago brought us down from Shanghai to Hongkong. I have a nice big cabin with two port-holes all to myself and they are both open now looking out on a gray sky and a gray sea. It was all clear and smooth when we came down but now it is gusty and hazy, but there is very little motion. A cannon has just been fired and church service comes in a few minutes. I wish the big news to be longer but we are due in Shanghai early tomorrow. I should be glad to know of today if only Mother comes there but I judge that she and Betty are still in Peking. Have you received the letter in Shanghai telling me of her plans.

I have asked Elliott to send you copies of letters which I wrote Mr. Carnie & Dr. Clement and Uncle Harry Grant regarding some of the conditions here. It is very hard to see all the facts and to appraise them truly, but the conditions are very dark and discouraging and poor China has a long, hard road to travel.

I think I wrote you of our home-going plans. We hope to take the "President Lafayette" leaving Shanghai Dec. 9 at Yokohama, Dec. 14 and due in San Francisco, Dec. 29. That would get us back to Peking about Jan 3. I presume we shall go at once to 52 Grange Park. We shall see Mother and Mac and if she decides, Mac will visit 52. We will send you word later, of course.

Octavia Stewart Price, whom I saw in Nanking, sends you a great deal of love and thinks you remember Marion Chinn formerly of Bryn Mawr, was she not? – married Harry Kline. I saw her in Canton and she sends a great deal of love.

Canton is an amazing place. It is not nearly so hundred a interesting as Peking but I have

never been anywhere where one felt the mass and density of human life as one feels it in Nanking. There are Chinese people who live on boats - one sides of boats - from little dippers boats to big junks. The boats have possibly living on them and the children often are tied with ropes or have big wooden life preservers in case they fall overboard. In the old days all the streets were narrow stone paved alleys. Now many big wide streets have been driven through the city. It is still Chinese but not as picturesque Chinese as some other cities - not nearly as picturesque as Peking which is one of the most wonderful cities in the world.

At Canton we were in midsummer. But now it is quite black and chill and it will be cool in Shanghai and we'll be glad to get to Shanghai or Hong Kong and then it will be winter and cold I suppose over the Rockies.

You should see the amber beads in Hongkong. That is the best place to get them I have ever seen. I had heard such much of them but I have brought back enough in my bag to stock a young ladies' seminary.

I wish you could have seen all the medical work we have seen. There was a big women's hospital in Canton for women and children and children. There was one poor boy who had been operated upon for Chinese gentlemen who make a fortune each year and pay his expenses. They meant him being in the hospital but he says it is heaven and wishes not home. If poor little boy was now he was and is likely to go from his hospital heaven to the real one.

God bless you. dearest Patty.

And my happy birthday congratulations.

Father

RALPH C. WELLS
Chairman
CHARLES E. PATTON
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Shanghai, Nov. 21, 1926

Dearest Patty,

I am in the comfortable nest to day luxuriously home of an old friend, a graduate of Yale, who lives here in Shanghai on Rue Pichon in the French Settlement. I have his car at my disposal with an intelligent Chinese driver and my own room and bath and there are two more rooms and a bath awaiting Mother and Betty. They came down here last Friday but I am not sure that they have left Tientsin and they may not be here by Thanksgiving. The people are jabbering now over the mythical Mrs. Open in other expectation they say they don't believe. The Yale and other organizations have set my coming celebration for here and now wait this indisposition on me. I live in hope, however, of some day getting here again and confounding these sceptics.

There are constant rumors and rumors of rumors and the tide of Communism seems to be rolling between the Northern armies, the Southern

sympathizers in the North declare that in this the communist party will be re-
pressed but it has not been repressed yet. I sincerely hope that it
may be.

This Mystic is a strange fellow. It is not Christ we see but the
tremendous cross through and through that it is. A world unwinding descent
unmeasured, yet has been lost much and over the gates of the tremendous — for
its utter humanness and foolish openness. We Americans can certainly
teach the foreign for the highest degree of pure foolness.

There will not be many more pleasant days. The "Dept" is due to
have been a Dec 9. There can be no two Darlings, I think, before that.

I spoke at the Union Church this morning — free & Scotch Presby-
terians. My text the old tongue and I think lay it on a little thicker
and harder for the sake of the old Country.

I write to find the you gone. I wish you every joy. Very
happy Christmas.

Yours very lovingly

Father

RALPH C. WELLS
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Shanghai,
Oct 17. '26

Dearest Patty,

I feel like we have emerged from the center of a continent to contact with the world again. I left Siningfu last Wednesday night and came that night and the next day to Hankow. At a place called Peng fan the whole Lyford family got on the train. They had been at Hsiwai yesterday and came with us to Hankow. Then we came on at once to Shanghai, which is a bit of the most graphic in China. There are mingled elements of good and of evil in the gathering and just at present China is complaining of the evil and denying the good at the same time that she is enjoying and the temptation of that food — or some of them. All of them can't be injured and the evil can be got rid of more time in a far better spirit & good cheer and earnest effort on the part both of China and of the Christian forces.

The internal struggle going on demonstrated in China and the Hague happens have been reported about the world. Now we are trying to close [illegible] in [illegible]

And we are forwarding with our plans for leaving Peking late at midnight and going back into the interior again. We want to visit Shansi again and then Honan where Mme Chapman [illegible] and then go to Hankow for a week.

We are beginning to think of arrangements for home going and I have reserved accommodation on the President sailing the 28th inst., leaving Peking Sat. for San Francisco, via Shanghai. This will bring me to New York about Jan 3.

The dreariest, most dismal and abysmal contact with China which we have had on this trip was last Thursday at the river port of Hankow. The people and the scenes there are as unanswerable an argument as I have seen for the absolute need of salvation for China – social, political, economic, moral and spiritual salvation. One would like to take the admirers of Chinese culture into such a scene and into the common life of these cities and villages today. There is grace and love in the world but the tragedy of China need is still deeper.

Love to all

Lotta

Also, I did not get to Fairbank!

華北神學
NORTH CHINA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
TENGHSIEN, SHANTUNG, CHINA.

Sunday, Sept. 26, 1926

Dearest Patty,

Here I am in a far away city in Southern Shantung and Mother and Billy left Richard in Peking and I do not know when I shall see them again. The travelling which Dr. Kerr and I are doing now is altogether too rough for Mother and the ~~and~~ Billy, and they may go to Nanking and come down to Shanghai probably in November. We are not certain yet just when we shall sail but it will probably be via Siberia about the second week in December, in which case we should get to New York about Jan. 3. We will let you know, of course, in due time.

Now Dr. Kerr and I are roaming around Shantung province. We left Peking on Friday morning and arrived here yesterday morning at 4. This morning we slept in chapel, on benches, on tables, wherever we got a chance to lie down. A few tricks are enough for a Chinese and we may come to that but not if the good missionaries can help it, they particularly mean to. They are as kind and hospitable as human beings can be.

After church this morning at 9 I went over some schools and a Chinese hospital and then came by a Chinese funeral. It was a pitiful sight. Men and women died a green eye, but they are only now burying the funeral. They don't, as

the chance that his old enemy would die too and so both funerals could be had for the expense of one. Meanwhile the coffin – a magnificent affair made of polished pine a foot inches thick, – was kept in the house and the old mahogany coffin also was kept ready. The state funeral, however, as the family had a piece of land for 1600 dollars (equals £ 55 of our) and are spending two thirds of it on the funeral. There are four mourners, musicians, priests, caterers and everything comes in to make the show. Otto is in a trunk containing proper camels, horses, soldiers, servants, carts, chairs, opium & smoking utensils &c &c, and which will be buried so as to display the chariot with opium camels, horses, servants &c &c in the opium world. They are delighted to show us in and display and explain everything. But it was a sad and desolate sight. Each nation makes a travesty of burying the dead – one in one way and another in another.

The glorious sunlight of Peking is exchanged for sunless, drizzly days here. They are terrified, however, and are always looking for glorious weather again when we come.

I hope that all is going well and happily at College.

Your very very loving

Father

Near the Equator, May 15, 1909
S.S. Byron.

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My dear Elliott,

Joe and I have so much enjoyed your letters. We have read them according to instructions and have still the letter to read after we reach Bahia. We have been steaming steadily South East ever since leaving New York. Now we are almost two hours and a half later than you are in time. It is almost five in the afternoon with us and it is about half past two with you. Sometimes the sea has been rough and sometimes smooth — but perhaps I had better write to Margaret about the voyage as a whole. She will show you my letter to her I am sure. And I will write to you about the celebration we have had today and you can show the letter to her and to mother to whom I have written a great, long letter, a little bit each day.

Tomorrow we shall cross the Equator and as tomorrow will be Sunday we have celebrated Equator Day or Crossing the Line today.

First we had sports and games all morning. The sea was not as rough as it had been and we all gathered on the deck on the starboard side of the ship, that is the right side as you face the bow. The left side is the port side. First we had the threading the needle race. There are five ladies on the ship and four of them — the fifth was feeling sick — stood at one end of the deck each holding a needle. Then four men were started from a line at the other end of the deck and ran down, threaded each of them one needle with a thread held in his hand and then came back to the starting line. You were not allowed to touch the ladies hair or the needle but had to put the thread through with the hand which held it. There were so many men that we had to run four heats. The men were all timed and the man who did it in least time — 12½ seconds was a little Brazilian.

Then we had a potato race. Four people could run at a time. I won my heat and then the next heat and would have won the last but I dropped my last potato — so a Canadian named Coffee won it. But he deserved to because I had an easier part of the deck to run on. Then Mr. Coffee competed with Miss Schmidt who won the ladies' potato race and he beat him with the handicap given her — for she had to run about eight feet less from the potatoes to her bucket.

Then the ladies had an egg race. Four hard boiled eggs were laid on the deck and each of them had a spoon. The game was to pick up the egg on the spoon and carry it to the other end of the deck. Miss Schmidt won that event also. It was not the eggs that had the spoons.

The last event of the morning was putting an eye in the pig. A beautiful pig was drawn on the deck in chalk and then each contestant was blindfolded on the line fifteen feet from the pig, made to turn clear around three times and then given a piece of chalk and told to

mark the pig's eye. I put my eye in the throat. We had four policemen armed with billies, cowhide bags about two feet long and stuffed with rags. They were very vigorous in maintaining order. We made the Captain and the Doctor and the Chief Engineer and the Chief Steward act as judges and the policemen handled them roughly when they did not obey. The eyes were marked all over the deck. A great big man put his eye where the tail ought to be. As the passengers entered in heaths and we had a great deal of fun. One of the policemen gave the Doctor an egg instead of the clubs and the Doctor who was blindfolded threw it and it hit the policemen on the breast and spattered all over. Fortunately it was one of the hard boiled eggs.

By this time we were all wet with perspiration for it is warm down here; so the rest of the games were put over to Monday except the ceremony of presenting to Father Neptune, the King of the Sea, all those who had not already crossed the line. The ceremony began at half past three. On the rear of the ship where you saw them loading the baggage a big canvass tank was set up and filled with ocean water. One of the sailors stood beside it with a great fire hose through which water was being pumped. Then all the men put on pajamas, with underclothes under them, so that they would serve for bathing suits; the Chief Steward dressed up as Miss Britannia. The Doctor was Chief of Police; a great big passenger was dressed up as Neptune with a trident, long brown hair and a gold crown; the stewards were dressed up in the most outlandish styles, as with a stove pipe hat painted like the funnel of the steamer. Then we had a parade all over the ship, up to the Captain's deck, around the promenade deck and back to where the tank was. Then Neptune sat up on the hatches and summoned the passengers before him. After asking them questions as to their families, age and health and financial conditions he had his doctors examine them and then ordered them to be initiated. Before this the doctors gave them pills and Dead Sea water and then the stewards took them, set them on the edge of the tank, lathered them over the head with a white wash brush and a bucket of Dead Sea water and corn meal and then shaved them with an enormous wooden razor and dumped them over backwards into the tank. Then Neptune's policemen hauled them around and the sailor with the big hose squirted right into their faces, and they were officially admitted by Neptune to the order of those who have crossed the line. It was great fun seeing the others. When they came to me and saw the lather was much thinner than at the start. The doctors gave me no big medicine to prepare me for the ordeal down ~~long~~ much. We all roared and roared with laughter. One little German had not prepared for a duckings and Neptune summoned him. He was greatly alarmed and for a while it did look as though he would be thrown in. But he escaped. At the end Neptune and Miss Britannia with fewer clothing than he should have worn dined in.

After it was over I went to the bath room and scrubbed off and got all the corn meal

out which the Sala with the hose had not washed out, put on clean clothes and feel fine.
ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.
So I am writing about it all at once to you. If I get a certificate from Father Neptune that I have crossed the line I will send it to you in this letter if I can. Please keep it for me.

The three little children on board have just had their supper. I brought out a box of cookies which I had and gave them to them and they were very happy.

Sunday afternoon.

I was interrupted in this letter by a man who came to ask me to make the speech in the music room this evening presenting the certificates from Father Neptune. I told him that of course I would. So at nine o'clock we all gathered in the Music Room and first of all old Father Neptune gave me my certificate and requested me to present the others, so I made a speech jollying the Captain and the officers and the passengers and then presenting the certificates and closing with a little serious speech about England and the English flag and the English race, for you know this is an English ship that we are on. Then we sang songs and told stories and had toasts and I had two big boxes of candy left. We made so much noise that we wakened one of the children, and we made the Captain and the Chief Steward make speeches and it was all very jolly, although some of us were thinking of home and dear ones far away.

Today we have crossed the equator. For am I now sitting on deck under a glass globe holding two electric lights. Just at quarter of two we crossed the line and as we did so boom! went a cannon on the Captain's deck and the jar smashed the glass globe and down it came right on Joe's head and book, and scattered over the rest of me. No damage was done but it startled me effectually that we were over the line. And what do you think the equator looks like? Why, you can't see it at all. It must be down at the bottom of the ocean I suppose, or away up in the sky. Anyhow I have crossed it, for I enclose Father Neptune's certificate showing

that I have done so. Who can contradict that?

Now we are away down opposite the mouth of the Amazon river and tomorrow or the next day we shall sight land, Cape San Roque, the most eastern point of the South American continent and then on Wednesday or Thursday morning we shall reach Bahia and then Joe and I will leave the ship. We have had a good and happy passage and shall have warm memories of the boat and the officers and our fellow passengers. We have been eleven days now out of sight of land and since the second day have not seen a sign of any other boat. It will be good to go on shore but it will be in a very strange country where they speak a language which we have never heard. Perhaps some one will meet us. If not we shall get along all right, nevertheless.

Some of the passengers have seen the Painted Nautilus or Portuguese man of war. I have not seen one yet. Look it up in the dictionary and see what it is.

Many times each day I think of you and Mother and Margaret and Eleanor and Constance. I hope that you are working hard at school and being Mother's own true, strong boy at all times. I feel very happy in knowing that you will do what is right. That is what I pray for every day and I am glad I can be sure that my boy will be true and manly and will always do what he ought to please God.

Your own loving

Father.

Ponte Nova, Brazil, May 27, 1909

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My dear Elliott,

I can not tell you all the interesting things I have seen since I wrote to you from the steamer, but I must tell you something of them. First of all the birds. It is just like visiting the bird house at the Bronx Park. The birds which you see there shut up in a cage are — many of them — flying about wild here. Canary birds, parokeets in great flocks, long tailed black birds, beautiful orange birds with black trimmings, black and white birds and russet brown and yellow birds, more birds by far than I know the names of, but when I come back we will have to go to Bronx Park again and see how many birds there we can pick out that I have seen here in South America. We have not seen any wild animals yet but one night after riding for more than two hours in the dark through a long forest we came to a house where we went in to spend the night. It was the house of a farmer and tanner. There was a dim light in the room and on the wall hung great piles of tanned skins — wild pig skins with long quills like porcupine, wild cat skins, ocelots, leopard and panther skins and the man showed me a boa constrictor skin about eighteen inches wide and twelve feet long. What the panther or ounce skins are like you can see from the one which I have sent home to mother by Mr. Johnston one of the missionaries who has just gone back to New York. He will leave it at my office for mother. It has a bullet hole in the side of it which shows how it was secured. In that tanner's skin lined room I lay down on the earth floor and went to sleep and slept all night there with the panthers and wild pigs and boa constrictors all about the walls — that is their skins were there, but I had no wild dreams at all.

We have ridden through miles and miles of forest without seeing a house. These forests here are not made up of great tall trees but of smaller, gray trunked, wired looking crooked trees and bushes and thickets and lianas and creepers. Parasites grow on many of the trees. High up in the air plants will be growing on trees, but the most common thing in the trees is the houses of the white ants. They build a little earth covered tunnel right up the tree and high up in the branches or on the trunk will make a huge house of earth — sometimes as large as a clothes basket, looking like a hornets' nest only brown and made of earth. Then along the roads are mounds of ant hills taller than the head of a man on horseback. In some places a cleared place will look from a distance almost like a hay field with hay cocks scattered over it but the hay cocks are only huge ant mounds.

We have not seen wild yet any of the pythons or boa constrictors. We see plenty of lizards, big and little and black as large as a bass but not a snake yet. Then they tell us great snake stories. Mr. Cuddeo tells of one huge snake which swallowed a c[illegible] and then went to sleep. It took twenty pairs of

men who were working on a rail road nearby to carry it to a car where a cage was built for it and it was taken down to Bahia and shipped to London. It weighed a ton! Near here there are the women were accustomed to wash their clothes in a river near a large tree which had a cave under it. On day when they were beating their clothes a monster snake roared at them and gathe came so that they fled and have never dared to wash there since. I asked a Brazilian who was here this afternoon whether the snakes roared. Yes, he said, the big ones bellowed like a calf. So that you could hear them quite a long distance. I should like to hear one. One of the missionaries says he saw one once as big around as a keg and forty feet long! For one I scarcely wished to see one but at a safe distance, for the boas can catch a person or an animal and wrapping their tail around a tree draw the victims up and then let them go as far as the snake can stretch until they are worn out.

We have not seen any monkeys or parrots yet but we may do so during the next few days. To-morrow morning we start for Nanuque from this place where we have spent two days. That is the diamond country. Maybe we can find one or two. This Porto Nova where I am writing is a Ranch School for training boys and girls to be preachers and teachers. It seems like a very fine place to them but you would think it was a pretty rough life. The boys live in a little mud walled house across the river and come over here across a little bridge for their meals and recitations. They seem to be good, earnest boys and girls who want to prepare themselves for useful work among their own people. Some of them are black, some brown and some nearly white, for there are all sorts of people in this country mixed together. They need what only Christ, of whom they know little that is true, can do for them. As the wounded needs skin and there is no work greater than the work of giving skin to all the wounded.

The horses and mules that we ride are not very handsome. They are much smaller than ours but they work faithfully all day long and often long into the night. I started out on a little mule but have since been riding a yellow, creamy colored horse who has done very well. We have five days more of horse back riding before we return to the rail road and go back to Cachoeira where we take the boat one week from today for Bahia. I think there will be letters there from home waiting for us

With a heart full of love

Your own

Father

I enclose a dead prod. ostrich feather. The feathers are attached to the holes in the little hand threads. I saw saw the snake also and some snakes the bark. Their bark is worse than snake bites. – but please don't try it!

Bahia, Brazil, June 5, 1909

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My dearest Margaret,

I cannot tell you how happy I was yesterday when I received your good letters and Elliott's and Constance's and dear Mother's. I sat on my trunk and read them all through from the first to the last and if anything could have made me long more for home and for the loved ones there these letters would have done so. Tomorrow the Byron which brought us down will come here on her way to New York and will carry this letter. How good it would be if my visit were over and it could carry me too! But it will be three months and some weeks besides before I can come. I think almost every day of you being down at the pier to meet me when I come.

There are so many things to tell you about the last two weeks. I wrote to Elliott about the animals. I think I shall write to you about the plants. First of all you would be interested in the tall, graceful palm trees on which the cocoanuts grow - very high, with outstretching fronds from the top. They are all about us here on the coast. Then you would be glad to see the banana plants, with great, wide leaves and a large purple flower at the end of the drooping stalk which is to become a bunch of bananas. Next you would like to see the coffee and orange trees. The coffee trees here are not more than four feet to ten feet high and the berries are red, about as large as cherries, oblong and each berry contains two grains of coffee. But most beautiful of all are the orange trees, shapely and compactable, with deep green leaves and the fruit green or golden. We have stood under the trees and plucked all we could eat.

There are other delicious fruits too. The pinho, pronounced "pingo", was one of the best to my taste. It looked like a great green pear with corrugated skin. Each little hillock could be broken apart and contained a black seed surrounded with delicate soft white substance, sweet and tart. There are also good water melons but not as good as ours. They have given us something to cool our throats with when we were very thirsty and did not dare to use the bad water. But the people have funny ideas about them. They say watermelons are cold fruit and ought not to be eaten by people in the sun or when it is warm. One day we stopped in the public square of a little town called Rosario and bought a melon. We had been riding and were very thirsty but not overheated at all, for we cut the melon and began to eat it on a bench in the square. The people crowded around and were very kind but would not take any of the melon and one of them said in Portuguese, "These foreigners must be anxious to die, eating that cold fruit on this hot day!"

The forests through which we have been riding, have been scraggly and scanty, and have dense and luxuriant, have been full of flowering plants and trees. There are trees covered with purple or yellow flowers and morning glories and many flowers which we do not have at home. I have picked many of them for you but they fade. Here I shall enclose some of them.

One of the most interesting trees is a cannon, crooked two with deep green bark smooth but covered

with scales. The bark of this tree soaked in water is said to be a sure cure for snake bites. I am glad for our sake we have not had to test it. I send some of it in this letter.

We have seen only a few wild animals but scores of tame ones. The people have them as birds perches in front of their houses with strings tied to their feet or with their wings clipped. Some of them talk volubly in Portuguese, but we have not seen one yet that understood English.

The fly catcher plant is one of the most interesting. It is a curious contrivance growing on a vine. There is a large overhanging flap of purplish leaf and in the centre a little globe about two or three inches wide with a long neck for an entrance and this neck is set full of little hairs sloping inward. The fly lands on the flap and crawls about to the hole in the neck and starts in. Once started he can go on but not back for the little hairs prevent. Sometimes these plants are almost full of flies. I read once a story of a monster plant of this kind in Australia which one caught a man, but I think it was all made up.

Until they are three or four years old the poorer children run about quite naked. Yesterday I saw one small boy who had on shoes and stockings but that was all. He looked smart comfortable. Odd such things as they do eat! I am then twice as old as some of them and ought to have ten times as tough a digestion but I cannot say I try such things. The other day just as we were starting out from Manaca Sacca a dried monkey, a small boy rode along on a white mule. When the mule saw us he stopped and would not budge. I think he said to himself, "I will wait for those people and then mules need have company." I went out to the road and got a big pole and persuaded the white mule to go on. But he went only fifty yards and then waited. When we rode out on the road, however, he cheerfully joined us and trotted along for many miles. The mules are small but they have large minds of their own, or at any rate the amount of their minds is very large. And indeed they are wonderfully sure footed and intelligent, and a great comfort coming over these mountains.

At Dried Monkey they had a very interesting way of getting water. They cut a sluice around the trunk of a palm tree and put a spout in it. When it rained all the water that fell on the tree ran down the trunk and was caught in the sluice and turned into a jar or tin can. In many places the water is very scarce. I have tried it almost always before touching it. You can see the water that I have been very careful.

I am writing in a smart hotel and uncomfortable hotel when we make in this Monday when we go on to Rio and South Sea Brazil. It is not like home.

I hope you are reached Englemere comfortably. I wish I were with you. I love you all.

Uncle

Martin Elliott Margaret Santiago.

Your ever loving Father

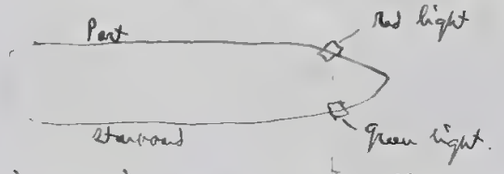
Steam Ship Rosetti, June 10, 1909

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My own dear Elliott,

Here we are on another big ship, much larger than the Byron. It is a boat which carries principally freight. It runs from Liverpool to Bahia, Rio and Santos in Brazil, then from Brazil to New York, then from New York to Liverpool and back to Brazil again. It has on board coal and iron and hardware and pipe and scores of other things including two big boats which are fastened on deck, many lead cases of sulphuric acid which burn and burn whatever the acid touches, two big pigs and a poultry yard of ducks, turkeys which the Brazilians call "perus", and chickens and besides these it has nearly two hundred Portuguese going out to Brazil. Most of them are third class. They live in temporary quarters constructed for them in what is called the cattle deck, the deck beneath the deck we are on. They come streaming up and down a stairway aft - that is in the back part of the ship and they swarm all over this deck except in the saloon where we eat and write and up on the little deck above the saloon where the captain's room is and where we sit and read.

Since we left Bahia we have seen many ships, among them a German ship the "Prussian", a five masted sailing vessel, the largest sailing ship in the world, and a number of steamers. This morning we have passed a large steamer going south. She was bright with lights and a signal light on her bridge winked a message to us. We said "Good morning" - but that is all our Captain got of it. It was too early then for us. I asked him about the rules for passing ships and he told me in a little form which he gave me in a book and I copied it for you. It gives the rules of the road at sea. To understand it you must remember that the port side of a ship is the left side as you face forward on it, and the starboard side is the right side. The port light is red and the starboard is green - these



A steam ship carries also a white light on her forward mast. If you made two proper ships and put the lights on them and laid them down as in the form you could understand.

1. Two ships meeting head on, or nearly head on

Meeting steamers do not dread
When you see three lights ahead!
Port your helm and show your Red.

That means pass to the right just as you would driving a horse on land. When you meet on straight ahead

2. Two steam ships passing

For steamers passing, you should try
To keep this maxim in your eye

Green to green — or Red to Red —
Perfect safety — go ahead

that means that if you are not end on to the other ship keep the same light toward him that he keeps toward you. In that case you can't collide. and will pass safely.

3. Two steam ships crossing.

If to starboard Red appear
'Tis your duty to keep clear:
Act as judgment says is proper :-
Port or starboard — back or stop her.

But when upon your Port is seen
a steamer with a light of Green
There is not so much for you to do
The Green light must keep clear of you.

Make two ships and see if you can understand this.

4. Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good look-out.
Round there not be room to turn
Stop your ship and go astern.

If you act on these rules you will be a good sailor on board Eagleswere.

I sent you and Margaret some postal cards from Bahia and have several more to send. Perhaps I shall endorse them. I shall look for some more in Rio where we are due tomorrow. I was delighted to get your letter in Bahia and to open there the last letter you gave for me in Brooklyn.

There are three or four parents in the cabin of the other passengers. They are young ones and do not know how to teach yet but they chatter quite a lot but not nearly as much as the Portuguese who make more noise and much worse noise than the roosters and ducks

I hope that you may have a free time at Eagleswere and know that you will be careful and wise and that you will think of everything that ought to be done for Mother and Margaret and Gustavus. Kiss the dear baby for me. Your loving Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Castro, State of Parana.
June 24, 1909

My dear Elliott,

This is Saint John's Day which is a great fireworks day with the Brazilians. Last evening we passed many bon fires and saw many rockets and fireworks as we came by on the train. The people begin the celebration just as we do with July 4th the evening before. In the large places there are be great processions but this place is only a small one and I do not hear any noises now. But we are in a house half a mile away. and there might be quite a little noise without our hearing it.

This is a new state into which we have now come and it is South of the tropic of what? So that we are in the South temperate zone now and the vegetation is different from that which we have seen since reaching Brazil. We are amid pine trees again and it makes me seem a little nearer home though we are in truth further away. The young pine trees look like ours at home but the grown up trees are like umbrellas and are called umbrella pines. The lower branches drop off and at the top of the straight tall stem a dozen or a score of short branched branches strike out like the ribs of an umbrella, each with a noble bunch of green at the end. A hill side covered with these pines is like a picture of Japan. The parasites are also here. Cactus plants and orchids and long mosses which do not grow on the ground but up in the air on trees. Some of the cactus plants are in bloom with red flowers. In some places the long moss has killed clusters of trees and they stand like companies of old bearded, long haired men. And the bamboos here are of a new kind. They grow up as high as trees but droop over in long, slender arches with tufts about a foot apart. The woods are dense and gnarled and matted. Indeed that is what they call a wood or a forest in Portuguese, "matta".

We have been riding on the rail road from yesterday morning before six until today at noon with the exception of three hours last night, from one until four. Part of this time we stood in a poor little station and the rest we sat about a table in the dining room of a wretched little hotel to which we took our way in the pitch dark, almost running off a bridge as we did so. When we reached this station of Castro you should have seen the assortment of wagons waiting. There was a great barouche or carriage, a canvas-covered prairie schooner, two or three kinds of spring wagons and a one horse cart. We are to take a long trip on Saturday and next week in one of these spring wagons with four horses hitched to it.

There are people teaching in the room where I am writing about monkeys. Some people gave Mr Bichmetoff in whose house we are staying, a little monkey, which he wore off on a trip. When he arrived home he had to get the monkey home they tied him to his saddle and let him sit up behind. So Mr Bichmetoff tied the monkey on which he was getting ready and the monkey sat quiet. Presently, however, the horse looked around and saw the monkey and apparently mistook it for the Old Nick for he went wild with snorts and fright and did everything he knew to get rid of that monkey and the monkey was just as badly scared and would have jumped off but he was tied fast, so he slid down the horse's flank and dug his little claws into the loose skin of the horse's side. This only terrified the horse the more and the spectators nearly expired with laughter at the antics of the two. It was necessary to lassoo the horse before he and the monkey could be separated. Even after they avoided each other. When the horse came by the monkey would run up his pole and hide in his house on top of it and the horse would shy off to the other side of the road.

This morning flocks of parrots flew over the trees near the train. The people eat them. There is a tame one in the house here which sits on the shoulder of a small boy seven years old.

I read in a Brazilian newspaper yesterday of "suffocating heat" in New York. Here we are sitting around a wood fire and the poor Brazilians build fires in the middle of the earth floors of their kitchens and huddle around them. There is an organ in the room where I am writing and a small German boy has just come to practice on it. Does it in there are many people who go about here footed and with only their cotton shirts.

I wish you were enjoying all the pleasures of this trip but I am glad you do not have the hardships sleeping on the ground, staying up night after night, making fire and having a no meals at all. The missionaries have a great deal of this and I am glad that we are having a taste of their work. But this is only the sunny part and part. The real part is the pleasure of helping people, of telling them of Christ and this help which they need and can have. There is no work in the world so blessed as so sweet which.

I hope that you are having a fine time at Eaglemere. It must be too soon to go in swimming yet but pretty soon you will be able to go in and I hope that you and Margaret will have to swim every time.

Give a great hug of love to Mother and the girls and let Gustave give you a great hug of love for me

Your own loving

Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Sao Paulo, Brazil
July 8. 1909

My dearest Elliott,

This is our last day in Brazil. Tomorrow morning we shall take the train at 10 o'clock for Santos where we shall take our steamer the "Ceylan", as the French spell it, for Buenos Aires. The rail road down to Santos from here is most interesting. After leaving Sao Paulo it runs across the high plateau on which the city stands to the edge of the Coast range of mountains and then it runs right down by very steep grades to the low land at the bottom which leads out to the sea. Up and down the steep part the trains are broken into sections of two, three or four cars each and drawn up or lowered by cables. There are five or six of them one after another and each section of cable about a mile long. There are beautiful views out from the mountain side but when we came yesterday up the mountain we were in mist and clouds all the way and saw nothing. It was cloudy and misty too when we went down the mountains on Tuesday for sight of her. That rail road is one of the most wonderful in all America for its scenery but we missed it all. We are hoping that tomorrow it will be clear and bright when we go down.

At Santos they put the coffee on the ships to send it to Europe and the United States. I enclose two postal cards showing the men at work. We watched them yesterday. First we went to a great coffee warehouse. There on a cement floor some men were mixing coffee of different sizes by shoveling it together in great heaps. Then one man stood in the heap in his bare feet while another man stood in front of him with a coffee bag held open, and scooped the bag full, pitching the coffee in with a great wooden bowl. Then the man who held the bag threw it on a great scale, another man scooped a little out or put a little in to make the bag just the right weight and then another man dropped it off to one side, it was sewed up and stamped and piled up. Then the bags were carried out by men, one bag on a man, and put in a wagon hauled by mules. Then the wagons went down to the docks where the ships lay in a long line more than a

mile long close against the dock. After the long line of wagons drawn in one of the postal cards carried the bags from the wagons to the boats where they dumped them down the hatch and the men below packed them away as solidly as they could in order to make the ships carry as many as possible. We have seen the coffee growing on the tree, and drying on the ground and the mill where it is hulled and now we have seen it shipped to the foreign countries. Perhaps some of this very coffee that we have seen will some day come to our house.

The other evening as we rode on a rail road train in the State of Parana for about a mile and a half we saw a black bear on a tree and I saw a big fox but if we had had time we could have gone out and seen many wild animals in the woods or on the plains. I want to tell Mother about one place where there were many of them and I have the skin of one which I am bringing to her. But I have a great many postal cards for Joe and Marguerite. We shall have to get the polyoptikon and Joe must be the operator and we will give an exhibition for Mother and Marguerite and Gertrude.

Today I have been visiting schools. In one of them there were more children, I think, than there are in Joe's school. I wish you could have seen them. They were very attentive and during recess had a fine time. I think people, old and young, all over the world are very much alike.

Joe is writing letters too, but it is bed time now and we must get up early tomorrow morning to take the 8 o'clock train for Santos. Please tell Marguerite that if I don't get a letter to her by this mail she shall have one by the next. Mother ought to get one letter, perhaps two.

Give my love to George and all the other children,

And give a great hug to blessed Mother and the girls for me,

Your ever loving

Father.

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Steam Ship Oporto, South Atlantic Ocean.
July 25. 1909

My dear Elliott.

I am on a good steady German ship which is carrying fruit and sheep from Monte Video to Chile. We found in Buenos Aires that we could not go over the mountains into Chile. Some Englishmen who had just done it reached Santiago much exhausted although every facility was given them for getting over. So we left Buenos Aires on Monday night and went down and across the great River de la Plata, the mouth River of Silver, to Monte Video and then got on this boat which had come all the way from Germany without stopping and had arrived in Monte Video on time to the day. The boat on which we came down the Rio de la Plata was one of the great fleet of boats owned by a man named Mihanovitch whose father was a poor Russian immigrant who came out to Argentina some years ago and made his living with a row boat carrying goods. He was an honest and industrious man and he worked steadily upward until he owned great fleets of tugs and boats and controls the traffic on the great Paraná and Uruguay rivers which form to make the Rio de la Plata and almost all the boats around Buenos Aires are his, and now his sons.

For two days after leaving Monte Video when we had to wait a day while our ship took on coal, we had fog and the fog horn was blowing day and night. But for the last two days the weather has been wonderful. You know it is winter down here and the cold wind from the South Seas is blowing over the sea flinging the waves about and heaving them up against the side of the ship so that

shudders. But it is a wonderful steady boat. In port it has little bunker for cattle and poultry. On Friday the cook killed one of the pigs and tonight we had a turkey. There are ducks too, and a cow. I suppose we shall eat them. These last days the crests of the waves have been blown right up over the front of the ship.

Day after day the gulls and sea birds follow us. It is wonderful to see them fly past the ship and back and up and down without moving a wing. They do it by using the winds, opening their feathers to let them through and shutting them again. We wonder that they ever get weary but never appear to be weary and day after day they follow us. How fast the birds can fly! Some one told us that Every one Sparrow can fly 120 miles an hour!

Tomorrow we shall reach Punta Arenas the southernmost town in the world. I shall hope to mail this letter there for we shall be there, the Captain says, a whole day. After we go through the Straits of Magellan we shall turn north and after that each day will take us nearer home. Stay the time is too soon and I hope the other boy will fly fast for I want to get home to see dear Mother and Jan and Margaret and dear baby Gaetano. God bless you all.

Your own boy

I enclose a picture which I cut from one of our menu cards at the table

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

S.S. Opiana, Pacific Ocean,
August 26, 1909.

My dearest Elliott,

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed your good letter which I received in Chile. They made me very happy and I am so glad that you have been having so good a time, have caught so many fish, eaten so many waffles and learned to swim so many strokes. I have wondered how long you were to stay at Eagle Mere. I shall send this letter to you there but the next one I shall send to Englewood.

We are steaming now up the coast of Chile. Yesterday afternoon we left Valparaiso. This morning when I awoke we were in Coquimbo, a dark town on a brown barren hill. That was the last place where they have rain. From there to Ecuador almost it does not rain.

We had a good time in Chile. One morning at church I saw an American boy named John Spencer just your age who looked like you and another day I saw a small boy at a store who didn't look at us like you. He had had no home. For three years he slept in a cart each night and then the cart was moved. He was only seven or eight years old and he could not find another bed and an English lady picked him up on the street and put him in this Sheltering Home. Mrs Smith is very much interested in it. There were about 50 boys and girls in it who had no other home.

The first place when we landed in Chile was Punta Arenas. Can you find that on the map. The second was Corral. I enclose a picture of it. From Corral we came right up through the heart of Chile. You can trace our route on the map through Temuco, Concepcion, Chillan, Talca, Santiago to Valparaiso. Now we have got off at Antofagasta and go up on the rail road to La Paz and then over Lake Titicaca. I wish you were to be with me on this trip.

In Coquimbo harbour the pelicans were fishing. They would fly around in the air and then suddenly dive down into the sea for a fish. I have a pelican skin for Mother. It is beautifully soft.

In the Natural History Museum at Santiago I saw stuffed needle fish which the old man in charge said he were more dreaded by sailors and fishermen than sword-fish. They had long sharp bone noses which cowed run right through a man or a fish like a sword. They could not hurt a big steel ship though.

We have been away now 113 days. That is 2/3 of the time that we were to be gone. By the time this letter reaches you we will be reaching Panama and then soon we shall take our last boat for New York. Normal for home.

Always your loving

Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

La Paz, Bolivia,
September 5, 1909

My dearest Elliott,

Many, many times I have wished that you could be here to see the things that for and I have been seeing, especially your friends the llamas. I am sending you a postal card picture of some. I shall mail it here in La Paz and it may not reach you as soon as this letter but I hope that it will get to you and I have some more that I will bring. I have hundreds more for you and Margaret and some of them are very beautiful. But no pictures can be as beautiful as the llamas are. We got our first glimpse of them one morning as we entered Oruro. In our ladders we saw a great company of them and we have seen them every day and almost every hour since then. On the plains were great herds of them. You know they are the wild llamas. They are the Indians best friends. He uses their hair to make his clothes, their manure for his fuel, their skins for his shoes but he does not like to kill them for his food. He is very gentle and patient with them. I have not seen an Indian abusing a llama. And this speaks well for the Indians for the llama is very slow and careful. As you know they will carry 100 pounds but not more and if more is put on them they lie down and will not move. They are very cheap to keep for they never need to be fed. They just eat the weeds and coarse grass which they find on their way across the desert. Only the males are used for carrying the loads: the females and young llamas stay at home. They are gentle and quiet but very nervous and active. I have not seen any of them angry and do not want to. Today, even though it is Sunday, many herds of them have come into the city. As for and I went out this afternoon we saw two of them bringing fuel to our place. It was interesting to see the Indians keep the three herds separate. We could not tell many of the llamas apart but the Indian drivers knew them. They are most beautiful and graceful creatures and hold up their heads so straight

Then I think you would be interested in the Indians almost more than in the llamas. There are nearly one million Indians in Bolivia. Then there are half a million people of mixed blood, part white and part Indian, called Cholas. Then there are a quarter of a million of whites. As the Indians and the Cholas wear peculiar dress you can see that most of the people are not here both strange to us. The Indians are truly Indians, with black hair and high cheek bones and copper colored skin and they wear all the colors of the rain bow and a great many colors that are not in the rain bow. The women wear five and six skirts so that the top one slides out pretty far. The skirts are short and the Indian women go barefoot and bare legged. The Chola women wear the same kind of skirts but with high heeled, high laced shoes. The babies are wrapped up in blankets and slung over their mothers' backs, two corners of the blanket being tied in front around the women's neck. The babies jog about quite contentedly while the mothers are their wares in the market, or go about their work or trudge along driving the donkeys or the llamas, at the same time spinning a coarse thread with a distaff, from llama wool as they run about. I saw an Indian mother with a baby on her back and another under her arm and a load tied on her breast besides. The Indian men seem very surly but the women smile and laugh and the men are too if you smile at them. The Indians here are called Aymaras. Most of the Indians in South America are called Quichuas, pronounced Kitch-u-as. Some of the Aymaras are cannibals and I saw in the penitentiary today one of a company of Indians who had killed and eaten some soldiers and been punished for it - but not killed as they would have been in some countries. Far over to the east of La Paz in the low country along the upper waters of the Amazon there are many savage Indians. I saw some of their bows and arrows. I wanted to get you a bow but could not. Some of the bows were seven feet long and the Indians had to sit down on the ground and place their feet against the bow and draw the string with two hands. The arrows were as long as the bows. The head tip would go clear through an

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Barranquilla, Colombia,
Sept. 26, '09

My dear Elliott,

It was the greatest pleasure when Joe and I arrived here on Tuesday to get your good letter telling of your tramps and your swimming and your fishing for the pickerel and all the good times you have had. I was glad to know too that you had been studying and I hope that you were able to send high up the marks that you reported to me. I am wondering whether you are back at school in Englewood now.

How I wish you could be with us for the long ride on the river boat up the Magdalena River. It is a queer sort of boat like those on the Western rivers. I sent Constance a picture of it. We have a state room and cots but we have to take our own bedding and we are taking also many provisions though the boat is supposed to furnish food. The river is full of alligators and Joe is taking his revolver to shoot at them which I feel sure he ought not to do without first speaking to them and finding out whether they give permission not to hurt any one or not. We must ride for a week on this boat covering 600 miles of river and then we have a two days hard journey to Bogota, 62 miles in number and fifty or so in two bits of rail road. At Bogota we shall be back high up in the air again at 7000 feet.

We shall be so glad to go, for here it is very hot and sticky. Just now it is threatening and which the clouds hide the sun. The warmth makes the heat worse. It will be good to be in motion and have the air blowing again.

The river is full of sand bars and flatten them and the great danger is delay through running on a bar or a tree. But if we escape all delays we hope to reach Bogota for Sunday, October 3 and be back here for Sunday, Oct. 17. If we do that [illegible]

on Oct. 19 for New York on the Cedar Rio. which takes 10 days or so to make the trip. I think I told Mother in my letter to her 7 days. But it is 10 and we move to Rio in New York, if we leave on the 19th, on October 29th and we land at Rio 1. March Nineteen. But Mr. Dazzi who will find out all about it for you when I call to Mother just before we start.

Cecil Ann has been given me a born alligator for you, it is about a foot long made out of a coral horn.

I am so glad to learn from Mother what a good, happy boy you have been. I love you and am proud of you, dear boy, and long to see you again that we may have good times together as we have had so often.

Your own loving

Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Wednesday, May 19, 1909.
Nearing Bahia, Brazil,
S.S. Byron.

My dear Margaret,

This is to be the last day of our long voyage. Fourteen days ago this noon we sailed away. Joe and the doctor and I watched the dock fading away and as long as we could see you we looked and then we tried hard to think that the six months would pass very fast as surely they will when we are here overwhelmed to much.

I will tell you something about the voyage. Each morning I got up at seven and went down to the bath room and had a good cold sea water bath. Then I doused myself all over with fresh water, dried off and came back to my cabin and shaved and dressed. Then I took some fruit, usually; because we ate all the other fruit first to keep it from spoiling, - a great monstrous grape fruit of which Mr. Stokes sent me two big baskets with his card with the Dean's name written on it too. We have a great many left still which we shall distribute today. Then I went up on deck. I was usually the first passenger on deck. I ate my fruit and then read my Testament until nine o'clock when we had breakfast. Immediately after breakfast I went to work on my lectures, writing in the music room, where the piano is, all morning and then at one o'clock we had luncheon. Then I would sit in my steamer chair and read for a while and then work again on the lectures until five o'clock. In the afternoon I wrote in the dining saloon down stairs. At five the three children on board come to have their supper and then I stopped work and wrote some in the letter to mother which has grown to be a very big letter but not as big as mother's love. Then I would go out and walk for an hour more or less and read until dinner at half past six. After dinner we sat on deck and read and talked or watched the stars, and at ten I would go to bed. On Sundays, of course, I did not work but rested although each Sunday the Captain asked me to have a service in the music room. It made it seem more homelike to have our own little church. On Sunday afternoon I read and wrote letters. Two days we had celebration over our crossing the Equator. I wrote about the first of these days to Elliot. We

had so many games planned that we could not play them all on one day, so we had the rest of them on Tuesday morning when it was fair and a good breeze blowing. We had a race in which the men started at one end of the deck, ran down to the other end, drank each a glass of water, lighted a cigarette at a match which one of the ladies who held the glassing water held for them and then ran back to the other end. This was won in our part of it by a great big man who threw his glass of water overboard, lighted his cigarette at a cigar he held in his hand and ambled back. Then we had a curious game in which two men sat down in a circle, all tied up and had to see which could push the other out of the ring. Then we had spar boxing. A spar which is like a large flag pole was tied up across the deck. Under it were mattresses for the contestants to fall on. Then two men sat astride the spar each with a pillow and the game was to knock the other man off with the pillow. It was a great deal of fun. A great long legged man whose toes touched the floor knocked me off and was knocked off himself as soon as he was detected putting down his foot. Then we had a great tug of war up and down the deck which ended the games. The big fat man won on one side, all but one, but the one man was energetic on our side and then we had the better side of the deck two out of the three times.

The three little children have been very good. The smaller Brinton child is a little boy just Constance's age, and he runs all around. He is wonderfully steady on his little feet and he goes up on his toes just as Eleanor used to do. His older sister has been good in looking after him. He is about four. The other little child is Mark Thomson, aged four, from Duluth and he is a nice little boy and very intelligent. It was so good that we had so many crackers and candies to share with them. In one of our boxes was quite a big Oranges Cake. That was just the thing for the children. They have asked me whether I had any more boxes to divide, and Mark said that he hoped the next time he was on a ship I might be there too, because I had such good things for little children!

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Then there have been many interesting passengers, a young Mexican who was graduated from Princeton College, two big brothers - half German, half Spanish, one an optician and one a dentist, both very jolly, a little German named Zeissing who has lived for years up the Amazon River in a place where the thermometer is 100° day and night and the year around and where they never have a breeze, two very nice people, a gentleman and his wife who have been down before, the gentleman is the president of the United States Steel Corporation, a Swiss engineer coming down to survey rail roads in Brazil, a little Brazilian who walks up and down the deck, two big jovial Canadians, a coffee merchant and his son from Jersey City, and a good many more. We have been very friendly and last night at the close of a meeting where I spoke on foreign missions and where all the passengers but one came, the big optician said, "Vat a pity it is that vee have to separate all to vorn."

The ship's officers have been very kind. I sit at the Captain's table at the end next to the second officer. The Captain is a Scotchman, the doctor an American, the other officers, I think, are Englishmen. The big optician is the most ardent American on board and loves to get into a discussion with the Captain who is a violent Englishman but good tempered and who will not let Great Britain be discredited.

Yesterday morning we sighted land and steamed along about ten miles away from shore. We could see palm trees or what looked like them and light houses and now and then a town or city. Far out from land we saw a catamaran, three logs tied together and a sail set up on them and some naked fishermen, and nearer shore we saw a three masted wrecked ship. Tonight about midnight we shall anchor at Bahia but it will be too late to go ashore tonight. Tomorrow we shall land and I hope that day or the next we shall be able to go up into the interior, partly by rail road and partly by mules.

I have written nearly thirty letters I think and shall go ashore with every

letter which I brought with me answered.

The ship has been kept pretty clean for such a long voyage. Every day as soon as the luncheon gong rings the sailors come up on the deck where we sit and scrub it down so that it is all fresh and clean for the afternoon.

We cannot see the land this morning but this afternoon we shall see it again and tomorrow morning when we smoke we shall be at anchor.

The first part of our voyage we had the North East trade winds, then came the doldrums when the wind blows irregularly so that we say when any one is moody and changeable, "He has the doldrums." We don't have many such people among the passengers. Did you ever see any such person? Now we have had the South Eastern trade winds. The sea has not been stormy at all all the journey but it has been roughened enough at times to make a few — only a few — of the passengers uncomfy. I have been in fine health all the time. But shall be glad to get on shore for some exercise. A good walk will furnish plenty of that.

I hope that you are taking good care of Constance. She has a precious big hug and kiss for me. I know that you will be a help and comfort to Mother every day. and that you and Elliott will make sure that the doldrums never blow in our home.

With many kisses to you all,

Your own loving Father.

Rio, June 13, 1909 Sunday afternoon

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My dearest Margaret.

You don't know how I long to be with you and Mother and Elliot and the dear baby. I have just come from church this morning where there was a great company of people including many children and the sight of the fathers and mothers and children coming and sitting down together makes me realize how far I am away from that blessing. Wouldn't it be good if we were all at home in Englewood and could go out walking together after dinner? That is what we shall have to be doing in less than five months, in just a little more than four months. Or it would be good if you could all just drop down here in Rio de Janeiro today. The church bells would make you think it was Sunday but there are other things that would make you doubt. It is Saint Anthony's Day and every now and then there are fire crackers and bombs and the shops are open all morning just as though it were a common day. And the people do not go to church as we do at home. In the Roman Catholic churches there are masses but the priests do not preach to the people and the intelligent men do not go. I went to a Presbyterian church, however, and it was crowded full and it is a larger church than ours. There was a large Sunday School also and I could hear them singing as I sat in my room. There are beautiful gardens here and tomorrow we are going to the top of a high mountain which gives you a view of all the country round about and far out to sea. Looking at it from a distance you do not see how any one could get up to the top of such a sharp mountain but there is a way up the back side of it.

Here in the same house where I am staying there are about eight small girls and boys, about six years old. Dr. Alvaro Reis who is my host has two children, so he looks after many others. There are here now for a vacation from the School where they go and which I am to visit this week. They are very good children and I saw them ranged in a row on the steps this morning studying the Sunday School lesson by themselves. Only one of them knows any English and she knows only a few words - "Good morning" "My father." I wish I could hear a little girl - growing very big - named Margaret, saying those words.

In Bahia I saw a very funny thing - at least you would think it so. It was a milkman. He had no wagon. He was loading his cow with a rope around her horns. Her calf was tied to her tail with another rope. When he came to a customer's house, the

milkman stopped, and the customer came out with a vessel and the milkman milked his cow on the spot. In this way the customer never seems to get fresh, pure milk and the milkman's milk did not spoil on his hands as it might easily do in a hot, tropical country. Sometimes when the cow was reluctant to give her milk the calf would be brought around from the back yard to start it by feeding a little stray. You would be amused to see our milkman come around in this style, would not you?

I have sealed up Elliott's letter, so I will indeed include in this for him a postal card, and a passport from the Captain of the Rosetti which brought us down here from Bahia. The passport is that you are to take mine from Seventy, and the remainder from Seventy, and leave a receipt that will be seen. The other is that you are to add the numbers from 1 to 9 without taking any one twice and arranging them in any order you wish and get 100.

Joe and I are staying at different houses here so that I have not been able to get-together yet, afternoon except in church this morning when he came out to see two of our fellow-passengers from the Bayan who are staying here in Rio for a while. On Tuesday we shall leave Rio for Santos and next Friday - June 20 - shall be in ~~Rio~~ Sao Paulo.

The most beautiful thing here are the long avenues of royal palms. The trunks rise up perfectly straight a hundred feet or more and then at the top in a lovely branching cluster of green fronds. There are avenues with four rows - hundreds and hundreds of trees - as straight as arrows and the rows as straight as the trees.

I was so glad to get all those things and letters that you sent. I was hungry for them and am living on that supply.

Please hug and kiss dear Newton and baby for me.

Your own bonniest

Father.

Imbituva, Brazil, June 27, 1907

My own dear Margaret

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

I wish you could see the wagon that is just now going by in front of the hotel where Joe and I are writing, for in his journal and this letter to you. It is a monstrous big heavy wagon like the prairie schooners of early days in our own country when there were no rail roads over the Rocky Mountains and when the settlers travled in great wagons, many going together for protection against the Indians. Just here there are no wild Indians but up to the north westward people have been killed only recently by Indians who were wild. These big wagons have roofs over them made of tarred canvass and great projecting hoods to shelter the drivers and they carry a ton or more of goods. There are eight horses or mules hitched four abreast and the two outside horses in the rear four are hitched to the rear axles by long chains so that their strength tells on the rear wheels which are often likely to get stuck in ruts. Along the sides of the wagon are wooden troughs from which the horses feed. These wagons which come out of the interior are loaded with matté or Paraguay tea, ground up leaves and twigs of the matté tree which the people brew in water and drink as tea. It is bitter and tastes like the water in which an old tobacco pipe might have been washed. One favorite way to drink it is called "sucking matté." A gourd much like a bowl is filled with the leaves and hot water and a long tube with a spoon like perforated end is thrust into it and the tea is sucked up through the tube. Many of the people are very fond of it and up in the woods where they have no coffee this is often their only drink. But of proper cold water and here in the state of Parana where we are now there is abundance of good water. The wagons coming back with the interior bring also bundles of freight to the country merchants. These big freight wagons take the place of the mule trains which we saw in the north where they had no wagon roads and which Mother and I used to see every day when we were traveling in Persia. The light mules can haul a great deal more in a wagon, even adding the weight of the wagon, than they can carry on their backs. Some of them have bells on their necks. That is good to let people know that they are coming and then at night when the animals are freed to graze it awakens the drivers to find them again if the sound of the bell.

And then you and Elliott and Constance, too, would be amused at the great ox wagons - been of them drawn by four or five pairs of oxen. These wagons have axles which turn and are ground so that they do not creak but further north the ox carts were just like those used by Julius Caesar when he conquered Gaul which is Mama as you will read some day when you are getting ready for college. The wheels and axle went round, because it was set in the wheel and as it went round it creaked and groaned and sang. The oxen grew so accustomed to the creaking that if it is stopped they stop and this only piece wear in carts that creak were. The drivers hold a pinch in the tone of their creaks and select wood which will make what they regard as real musical creaks. You can hear the carts singing along the road. I don't believe you would think it was very sweet music but I believe Constance would like it.

We day yesterday we rode from Castro to this place. We started a little before eleven in the morning and we did not arrive until after eleven at night. We passed by anthills as high as Constance with big holes in the side which the armadillos had made in order to get at the ants and set them up and by the edge of the roads we found the armadillos holes where they lived. After leaving the train we rode in a fine big carriage with four horses. And we passed a little girl not as big as my hand sitting on a bench by the road as solemn and solemn - as an owl, to be sure. How could she do anything else?

We didn't sing though, as the tiny little Brazilian - German girl sings who just went through the room where we are writing. She is just about Constance's age and size, with beautiful yellow hair and her mother has been singing to

and teaching her to sing after her. I wish she could see you all as you sat this afternoon at Tarpenian a little yellow hair coming swinging through.

After church this morning which lasted from twelve until half past one — breakfast at eleven and dinner at five — we went into an orange orchard and a twelve year old boy climbed up a tree and threw oranges down to us. We ate all we wanted and made a great pile to take with us tomorrow on a bag and into the woods to Monterey. After we had eaten all we wanted we went over to the house of the boy who had thrown down the oranges to us. While we were talking to his parents and the priests who had gathered, this boy stepped out into the middle of the floor and made a speech in Portuguese. I supposed that he was thinking something he had learned, but not at all, he was making a speech as quite own to us and he looked like a Demosthenes, waving his sleeves in one travels and a happy boy and so went with the angels. It quite took our breaths away. Then the people brought out the matter bowl for us to "mate matte". Mother can tell you about that in, for I have told her about it in my letter to her.

It is quite hot here and we are high up in the air, 3000 feet. But I saw a beautiful rose bush today which the priest had actually delighted and in Cortez there were the most beautiful camelias there, with great fresh flowers as large as peonies. But I do not think anything can be more lovely than the deep green, dropsy orange trees loaded with golden fruit. And there are so many fruits. There are sweet lemons and there are orange lemons which look like tangerines but are real lemons. And the most curious of all is the Jabaticaba, a small fruit which grows on the branch of the tree and on the branch of the branches and entirely covers them. Many of the fruits are of peculiar taste and one soon learns to become accustomed to them. I tried two more and one day and did not care for any of them.

It seems queer to see so many white faced, yellow headed boys and girls here. They are not Brazilians but children of Germans and Russians and Swiss and Poles and Portuguese and who have come here as immigrants and in spite of all the hardships and trouble in the freedom of their new home where they can think and speak and live as free people. But you should be very thankful that you have the freedom and the comfort given in dear land. And least of all such a mother as is not to be found in South America or anywhere else in all the world. And you have all these blessings because Christ has been known in our land and loved there as I also day I am sure, if we do our duty, He will be known and loved everywhere.

I love you all with all my heart and know that when this reaches I get more letters from home Mother and say that you have all been her own dear, good, obedient blessings

Your own loving

Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

On the steamship Ceylan,
Private yacht of Messrs. Cook and Spear,
Santos Docks, Brazil,
July 9, 1909

My dear big daughter.

How would you like to have a great big steamship as big as the one Henry Buckley went on to England and more than twice, yes nearly three times as big as the Bayan which brought us to Brazil, for your own yacht, all to yourself? Well that is what seems to have happened to you and me. There may be some other passengers but we have not seen them and they were not at the dinner table. It is a great big ship nearly 500 feet long and such beautiful rooms as we have! I enclose a picture of my room. You can just like it. Yes — I send you also a picture of the ship. We shall be six days altogether on this boat and we expect to have a happy time and to learn some French and to teach the Captain some English.

In front of us and behind us are dozens of other ships are loading with coffee. We visited the Rosetti which brought us from Bahia to Rio. It is here now and the men were carrying big bags of coffee from wagons in shore across the dock and up onto the ship and throwing them down the hold. There were 70000 bags already in the ship and thousands more were to go in. Then the ship was going to New Orleans. The Captain invited us to go back with him but we are bound for the South Pole.

On big ship was taking on coffee at one end and giving out wheat at the other. A long line of men carried coffee bags up in front and another long line carried wheat bags away behind — fore and aft I suppose to keep dead. The men who

carried the wheat bags took them to a shed where there was a great trough in the ground with cement sides and a grated iron bottom. Two men were standing in the trough in their bare feet with sharp knives. As the porters laid the wheat bags down on the edge of the trough the men slit open the ends where they had been sewed and the wheat ran out, after men picking up the bags to make it run out faster, and then throwing the sacks off to one side where some boys gathered them up. The wheat in the trough ran down through the grating into a large pipe where it was sucked through to wheat elevators some distance away.

There by two boys had a cloth on a stick which they carried between them. It was held in the middle of the stick so that it could not get at the boys. It had three long sharp claws on each foot and a head that it could twist in any direction and that looked like a chicken, a monkey and a wasp for all combined. It had long grey fur and a strange tail. It was a curious little beast.

I wish have this letter here to go off to you as the steamship Vasari went much. It will reach you I hope just long after the beginning of August. Perhaps it will be the middle. In either case we will be in Chili before you get it. And then after we leave Chili we move turn northward, homeward to our dear land over.

God bless you all, dear big daughter,

Your own loving father

Jack

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

S. S. Osiris, Pacific Ocean.
July 31, 1909

My dear Margaret,

I wonder whether you would have been as good a sailor as dear Mother if you had been with me these last three days. From Monte Video down past Argentina and Patagonia the sea was beautifully quiet and our only trouble was from fog which hung over us and shut us in for nearly three days so that the big fog horn whistle was blowing day and night. Then we had several lovely days and came to the Strait of Magellan. It took us two days to pass through and the water was calm all the way, and one day was fair and one was fog and rain while we passed along between great ranges of snow covered mountains on each side. And then just as we came out of the Strait into the Pacific Ocean the trouble began and it has gone on ever since. You see we had a north west wind which is one of the worst kinds you can have here, because it comes from the hot tropics and gets across great ranges of sea. So that it is not warm and it has had room to stir up the sea most mysteriously; and this gale has well stirred it up for us. We thought yesterday it surely must stop soon but last night we tossed about more than ever. We shall be nearly two days late in reaching Corral, where I think we shall get off the boat and go up through Chile by rail way.

All day long the birds follow us. And some of them fly up and down the ship and pass behind and overtake us again all without flapping their wings at all. How do you suppose they do it? They seem just to turn their bodies this way and that and to make the wind do it all for them. That is what the sailing ships do, too, only they can not go straight forward and back in the same wind. And some of the birds like to skim right along the top of the water. I can see them just as fast as we pass the water go up and down, in and out among the big rocking, heaving waves without ever getting caught and sucked. That seems to be their game.

There are four little children on board, two in the first class and two in the second. I have not seen the two in the second at all as since the rough weather began and the two in the first class have stayed in their rooms and cried for the nursery of their Scotchwoman and their mother and their nurse were sick too. But their father was not, because he is a captain of a ship himself, so he has to care for all the family. The mother looks and looks very much like Mrs. Trudow. He is a big Chilean and big English woman

Our ship is a German ship and its name is Ozeani and what do you think is the name of the company that owns it and dozens of other ships, too? Well, it has a wonderful name. You can find it on the enclosed card. Our steward at the table has pictures on the boy and on the pictures of. This is a picture of Penguins. We have not seen any yet but we have seen big fish that jump out of the water and some of the passengers saw a whale blowing in the Strait of Magellan. So if you can read the name of the company on this card. And don't these penguins look like people ready for a sack race?

Every day brings us nearer home now. The time is hazy now and every step we take is westward and nearer to you and dear Mother and Elliott and Constance. You don't know how hungry I am to see you all. In Sao Paulo there were some dear little grandchildren at Dr. Lanier — just as dear as dear could be and they made me think of your other children who are dearer still to me. —

Jeanne and Sarah and baby Jane
Cross your fingers and look at your shoe
And see in which of the three is you.
And if right you guess, as I'm sure you can
And if as your behaviour is quite civ-il
I'll I can over our own door sill
I'll bring you something that rhymes with "beg"
Which mother had a rapid-one leg
And wanted behind her as she ran
An ornament for a lady's fan.
Now guess my riddle, if you can!
And give your Mother and sister and brother
Ten thousand kisses and then another.

And don't forget each night you pray
Your loving-est father — so far away

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

S. S. Oriana, August 26, 1909,
In the Pacific Ocean.

My dearest Margaret,

I send you a picture of the war ships of Chile in the harbor of Coral where we landed in Chile three weeks and more ago. I enclose also two petals of a camelia which a man gave me in Talca and two leaves of a little bush which I plucked in Concepcion and which were very fragrant when I crushed them in my hand. If you crumple one in your finger I think it will have a sweet odor even now that it is dried up.

I wish that you could have seen the little dog in the house of Mr. Winslow the American consul in Valparaiso. He was one of the cleanest and best trained little dogs I ever saw. He would walk around a table on his hind legs, would roll over on the floor, would kneel just as a little dog would if he were saying his prayers, and would sit up with a piece of candy on his nose and not touch it until told that he might and when it was on the floor and he wanted it very much he would not take it until told that he could.

At another house where we went for luncheon there was a Swedish boy who instead of a guest book, kept a pig book, and each visitor was requested to draw a pig without looking at it, and then to sign his name. I drew a fright fully distorted pig, as I sat, to [illegible]

Bishop O'Hoahigan slip under it, which pleased the little boy. I think it would be good to have such a book at home.

We do not see any land now at all. Tom says it is the west or Robinson Crusoe islands but we are too far away to see them and just now we are out of sight of land to the East. But tomorrow we shall go ashore again and on Monday shall take a rail-road train and climb up, up, up, until we are two miles up in the air. We shall be careful not to molest any llama that we may meet anyway, for Elliott warned us what would happen to us if we did.

Ever since leaving Valparaiso I have been writing letters and my hand is as tired as tired can be, but I am glad to have written to Mamy and am looking forward to getting some when we reach Callao.

Please tell Gertrude that I love her and think of her many, many times a day and that when Daddy comes the whale has ridden on his back to her blessed little heart.

Your ever loving

J. [illegible]

Steam Ship "Loa", Pacific Ocean,
Sept. 12, 1909

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

My dearest Margaret,

This ship on which we are now passengers will take us all the way to Panama. It is an interesting ship to be on because the other passengers are so interesting and it stops now and then at little ports to take on freight and more passengers. The port at which we got on is a small place but of some importance because it is the end of the rail road from Lake Titicaca. It is named Mollendo and it is a very poor port because there is no shelter for ships such as a good port provides. The most beautiful harbor we have seen has been at Rio de Janeiro. There you go in through a gateway of great rocky hills and then find yourself in a wonderful bay surrounded by high mountains and quiet and still because protected from the storms and the rough waters of the open sea. But at Mollendo there is no such harbor. The ships anchor some distance from shore in the open sea and the little boats row out to them from the shore. Sometimes it is too rough and then the big ships do not stop but go right by. And sometimes they stop but passengers have to be lowered into the small boats in baskets. It was very up and down in our boat as we rowed out but we got on all right by the chains up the ship's side without any baskets or pulleys.

Yesterday afternoon we stopped at Lomas, a poor little harbor on the coast of Peru. Then big boats full of cattle and sheep came out and the cattle and sheep were loaded on our ship. It seemed a cruel way to put them on. For a big canvas strip was placed under the body of each steer with ropes running around his body in front and behind to keep him from falling out and then he was lifted right up off his feet by a great chain and hauled up the ship's side and dumped down on the deck

It was not at all gentle for the steam used bang against the side of the ship as they came up, and it was funny to see their surprise as they suddenly went up in the air over the other cattle and the sea. Occasionally when they were dumped on the deck they were angry and rushed at the men who always dodged out of harm's way. After the cattle dance they were put on. Ropes were tied around their woolly necks and they were hauled up by these ropes a dozen at a time. The wool protected them but they came up gasping. One of the ship dropped out into the sea and went swimming off into the dark but came swimming back again and was hoisted out and pulled up into the ship.

At Lomas among the new passengers who came on board the captain got Chilian ship which sails regularly off Lomas. Too much cargo was loaded on its deck and not enough down in its holds, so that it was top heavy and when it rolled too much in a rough sea, over it went. Many of the people on it were drowned but a few were rescued afterwards from the water. I suppose the captain was in a hurry and thought it would not matter if he was careless. But this time it did matter. He will have learned his lesson now when it is too late.

Sunday though it is Sunday the ship will touch at two ports, Pisco and Cerro Azul and load more freight. I am sorry it will not be a quiet Sunday but down here in South America the people are not as careful about keeping Sunday as we are. That is one reason why they do not prosper more. For it is the people who truly rest one day and keep it as the Lord's Day who prosper most all over the world.

I wish you could have seen the little Indian girls we saw in Bolivia and Peru

so many, so dirty, so burdened and yet so cheerful. The little girls had to take care of the babies when the mothers could not. Usually the babies were wrapped up in a blanket or like hood and swung over the backs of their mothers, the corners of the blanket being tied in front over the mother's breast. In this way the mothers would carry the babies about with them all day, the little heads often bobbing about in sleep as they were trotted along after the llamas on the road or after the sheep as their mothers herded them on the prairie. But in the market and often about the houses the babies would be given over to their little older sisters and I saw many little Indian girls not nearly as large as you trotting about with their little baby sisters or brothers on their backs carried just as their mothers carried them. The poor little tots do not go to school or have clean things or nice houses such as the children at home have.

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

I wrote to Elliot about the llamas and Lake Titicaca. After we left the lake we had a long rail road ride of which I wrote to Mother, up over high mountains until we were nearly three miles up in the air and then we came down to a place called Arequipa where there was a little river which came down from the snows on the mountains one of which, Misti, was a volcano which occasionally sends out little puffs of smoke. The water was used to irrigate fields around the city and it ran in little brooks down the gutters which ran the sewers of the city. I saw dead cats and guinea pigs in them. You can imagine that people who were drawn their water in this way are not very clean. And some of the houses of the poorer people were as nearly like stables for animals as could be, quite as bad if not worse than the houses in Persia which Mother can tell you about. But the people were friendly and polite. We motored out one afternoon to an Astronomical Observatory which Harvard has built in Arequipa to take photographs in the clear atmosphere of the Southern heavens.

On our way we passed two women digging roots. There was a steep bank there and one of our party who had not spoken to the women slipped on this bank and fell. One of the women looked up at me and said "There, that's what you get for not being civil and saying 'Good afternoon'." Anyuqipa got it worse than I saw and I was made meaning "Yes, you can stay". Spoken by the two to some packers who came with him to the queen of their little valley on a long journey and expressed a desire to go no further.

On one of the two evenings we were there, there were great fireworks in connection with a religious fiesta. I never saw such elaborate ones. They were arranged in a row on a street in front of a church and were set off piece by piece. They say that in this one city they spend £8000 or $40000 a year on these religious fireworks. It seems a curious idea to me but I suppose they would say it was not more curious than our political fireworks. Perhaps not, if only the people do not have wrong ideas about it, which I fear some of them have, thinking that it pleases God or the saints to hear such a big noise or to see such brilliant colours.

I hope that you are all well. I am so longing to see you all and count the days now on my one. Constance will be such a big girl and teaching and you and Elliott will have grown too and know Mother. The most beautiful person in the world will be more lovely than ever. You tell her so for me and get Elliott and Constance to help you to love her with great hugs and kisses for me.

God bless you, dear big daughter.

Your ever loving

Father

ROBERT E. SPEER
ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Barranquilla, Colombia,
Sept. 24, 1909

My dear Margaret,

I am just waiting now until it is time to go down to the boat up the Magdalena River for Bogota. My bag and roll are packed. My bedding is wrapped up in a piece of matting in which I shall sleep, laying my mat on a cot furnished by the boat. And we have a great canvas sack full of provisions and a big box of soda crackers. We shall have quite a picnic and I hope that so many interesting things of which I am sure will come and we are not delayed I shall tell you just five cents from tonight. That will be fine.

You and I pick out as the interesting places and things we see and one of my treasures in pretty fine sense of order and such I have gathered up, especially for my dear family. There are some beautiful things for Mother. So if you don't think so when I bring them. You and Elliott will have to keep unpack & think unless Mother thinks that we had better as it are lovely. Don't Mother a beauty? We sent the same picture of you and her and Gertrude and the looked more beautiful than ever in them. I have seen hundreds of thousands of people down here and are the beautiful things in all of them put together counted not equal the beauty of Mother. Please give her the sweetest kiss you ever made and two Gertrude to make the sweetest she can and give it to Mother for me.

This will be my last letter to you. It ought to reach you two weeks from tomorrow or perhaps next week Thursday, October 11. If I come to write any more letters I should beat them home.

There is a lad & your age and yellow headed boy here in the house where we are. His name is Richard Lee. He has given me a present for you. There are not many American or English toys here. Richard is the only American. And there are no American kind girls.

Mother has told me how good and loving and helpful you have been all Summer. I am so pleased and proud, and pray for you and Elliot and Gertrude that you and Mother may be so good and strong and that this love may help you safe always.

Your loving Father.

I enclose my week bill here which was $196. Did you ever hear of such an extravagant bill. But then a Canadian $ is equal to ten cent of our American money. So that gives me my bill was $1.96.

Jaboticaba-a-(Paraná-Brazil)

Bilhete Postal

Editor: Cesar Lizardo, Rua Quitanda No. 142

San Paulo, Brazil,
Jy 28. 09

My dearest Margaret

This picture is of one of the most interesting trees I have ever seen – the jaboticaba tree. The fruit grows right on the trunk and branches as you see. I have that tasted it.

Last evening we had strawberries for we having them too but remember that this is indeed here. But we are going to show it when we order.

Yours always loving Father.

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer
To Mrs. Robert E. Speer,
Eglee Mere,
Pennsylvania

Estados Unidos do Norte America.

Handelsreisende mit ihrer Truppe den Fluss durchreitend in Sta. Catharina, Brasilien

This is a good picture
not of me but gotten away
as I travelled in Bahia.
Otto

R 0756

Postkarten-Verlag von H. Quidde, Joinville, Sta. Catharina, Brasilien.

CARTE POSTALE

Compania Huanchaca de Bolivia

TARJETA

Union Pos

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer

Walnut & Brayton St.

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Estados Unidos

N. 201 MONTEVIDEO— Plaza Constitucion.

Tarjeta Postal

(Carte Postale — Union Postale Ur

Republica Oriental del Urugu

Monte Video, Uruguay
July 15, 1909

My dear Margaret,

I am writing this in a restaurant on one side of the square which you see in the picture. You and I are in different countries now. I'm in the Argentina or in Argentina as they say here and I am in Uruguay. But tonight I am going on to join him. The square in front of the picture that it is to look at now in winter time when the trees are bare. Did you ever see Uruguayan stamps before?

Your loving pet
Father

Editor A. Carlucci

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer,
c/o Mrs. Robert E. Speer,
Eagles Mere
Pennsylvania,
United States of America.

Returning from Market, Barranquilla.

Republica De Colombia

Tarjeta Postal

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer
Brayton and Walnut Sts.,
Englewood,
New Jersey.
United States

Dearest Margaret
How would you like
to go to market this every?
Your loving Father.

Vista Geral — Bahia

Bahia, June 8 '09

Many mosquitoes here lit for and no lit they have not been the malaria or yellow fever kind. We are both well and happy except that we wish we were home with our dear ones.

Father

Litho-Typ. Almeida — BAHIA

Miss Margaret Bailey Geer
& Mrs Robert E. Geer,
Eaglesmere,
Sullivan Co.,
Penna.,
U.S.A.

POST CARD

PLACE STAMP HERE

CORRESPONDENCE HERE

There are houses at Santa Bohui.
Some are even smaller, made of
thatch wattle hanging down from
rock ledges resembling cave houses

Bohui, June 5, '09

NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer,
Englewood,
New Jersey
U.S.A.

4 — CAMPINAS. — Rua da Conceição.

Casa Genoud, Editor.

UNION POSTALE UNIVERSELLE

Bilhete Postal Lembrança.

ESTADOS UNIDOS DO BRAZIL

This is a single row of royal palms. "Rua" means street. The house where we are staying in São Paulo is on "The Street of Consolation".

Voices

LADO RESERVADO PARA O ENDEREÇO

Miss Margaret Bailey Speer
To Mrs. Robert E. Speer
Englewood
Sullivan Co.,
Penna.,
U.S.A.

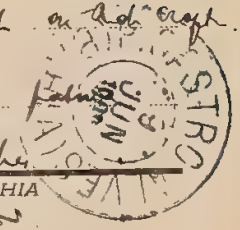
Rio Vermelho — Bahia

Bahia June 8. 09

On the little boats which you see in the foreground the fishermen go out to sea. You would want just to touch on such craft. The tall trees are cocoanut palms.

Father

Litho-Typ. Almeida — BAHIA



Miss Margaret Bailey Speer
c/o Mrs. Robert E. Speer
Eagleswere,
Sullivan Co.,
Penna.,
U. S. A.

Culebra Cut, looking South towards Panama.

POST CARD.

Leonard L. Naduro Jr., Panama P.O. Box 281. (Copyright)

This side for correspondence.

Barranquilla, Col.,
Sept 23, 09

Dearest boy

This is part of the Canal. We have a good view of it on Monday. 27000 workmen and perhaps 4000 Engineers and Superiors are at work on it.

Your loving Father

This side for address.

Mr. Elliott Speer
Walnut & Brayton Sts.
Englewood,
New Jersey
United States

DOS CENTAVOS

RIO DE JANEIRO - Praia do Russell

CARTÃO POSTAL

BRAZIL

PAPELARIA ZENITH—Rua do Ouvidor, 127—RIO

Portalo. June 21.

We are here now far away from Rio. I is like in Fernando except at home. We have 5 hours of cool mountain to by again but we are very happy and have good fun

Father

Miss Margaret B. Speer
to Mrs. Robert E. Speer,
Eaglemere
Penna.

U.S.A.

S. S. "BYRON."

May 19, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Shearer -

In memory of your pleasant trip from New York to Havana, I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Shear and Mr. Cook of New York.

Soon now they will welcome the sound of spoken English by the time they reach Cali and I know that you will find it a great pleasure to

meet them.

Mr. Shear is secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and he and Mr. Poor are on their way from Quito to Bogota and any information or assistance you may be able to give them will be most thoroughly appreciated by them and by me.

I enjoyed a letter from your sister this spring and shall write her from Rio Janeiro.

With kind remembrances from Mr. Merriam. I am

Sincerely yours
Caroline H. Merriam.

Mrs. H. M. Shearer
Cali.

Introducing Messrs. Spear and Cook.

L + H.

Dr. Leopold Stern
M. A. O. A.

Sr. Dn Mortensen. Droguería Inglesa
Quito, Ecuador

Querido Amigo

Despues de muchos años de silencio Vd. se extrañara de recibir noticias de su viejo amigo Stern. Muy a menudo he pensado en Vd., en sus bondades de facto casi no hay viajero, que no vuelve de Quito y hable bien y con entusiasmo de Vd. y de sus servicios abnegados. A bordo de vapor que nos lleve para America de Sur van caballeros Sr. Robert E. Speer y Joseph W. Cook.

También me he casado (hace 4 años)
en Chile con la mujer mas
linda del universo (para mi) tengo
una chiquita encantadora y —
soy el hombre mas feliz del
mundo.
Espero que su estimada familia
y Vd. se encuentren en la mejor
salud y cuento siempre con sus
servicios con preferencia.

S. S. y Amigo
Leopold Stern
Optico - Dominicano

en viaje de estudio
y fines filantropicos
para las republicas latinas
y tambien visitaron Cuto.
Los amigos de mis amigos —
son mis amigos. Estoy que
le puedo decir — por el resto
Vd es bastante hombre del
mundo en proviito sabe que
le recomiendo dos hombres
de merito y ilustracion
extraordinarios.
Pues que les trate Vd
lo mismo q como ha
manejado q mi cuando
estaba allá! — es todo que
deseo.
Mi residencia permanente
sera en futuro Rio de
Janeiro, aonde establesco
mi instituto apotico — ocul-
tico moderno. Yo

Mr. Mortensen

Propietario
Droguería Inglesa

Quito

Ecuador.

L+H

(2)

Indicações de serviço

Rs - 400

ENDEREÇO

Reverendissimo Dr Attalhias
Rua Coqueiros da
Piedade
Bahia

RECEBIDO

de

ás 5 30

por al.

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CARIMBO

REPARTIÇÃO GERAL DOS TELEGRAPHOS
BRAZIL
JUN 6 1909
ESTAÇÃO
BAHIA

Telegramma de Lençóes N. 32 Pls. 13 Data 6 Hora 5 30

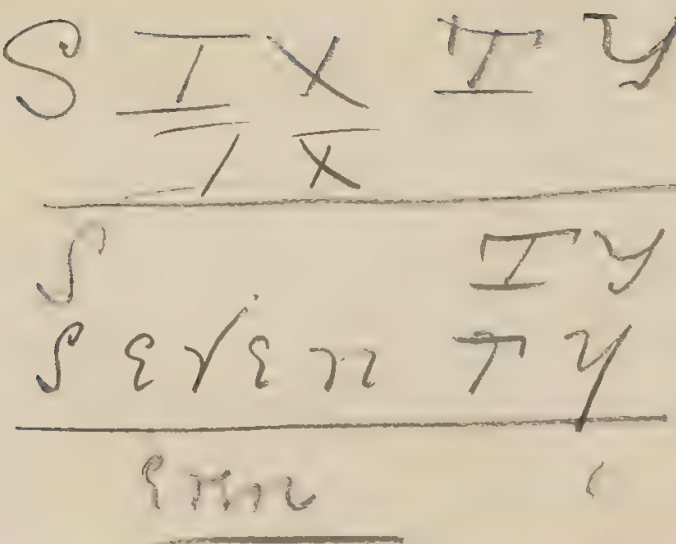
Speer newyork telegraphou prosperous

Waddell

TELEGRAMMA

REPARTIÇÃO GERAL DOS TELEGRAPHOS

To Elliott Speer Esq
From
Lafayette
Sir Roscelli



4	6
3	5
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PROPOSED ITINERARY.

(Sure to undergo change.)

Cable, In care of

May. 5th. Sail by SS "Byron for Bahia.

~~Agent~~ American Consul, May 20th. Due in Bahia.

May 20th - June 12th (approximately) Central Brazil Mission, visiting

Goddell, Lencoes, Cachoeira, Orobo, Ponto Nova, Lencoes, Palmyra, S.Joao do Paraguassu.

American Consul ~~Agent~~ June 12th (approximately). Sail from Bahia for Rio.

Secretario A.C.M. June 14th-21st. In Rio and visiting the field.

Lane, Sao Paulo June 21st-28th. In Sao Paulo and visiting the field.

Lane, Sao Paulo June 28th to July 12th. Castro, Curityba, Florianapolis, etc.

July 12th-July 16th (approximately). Florianapolis to Buenos Aires.

Shuman, Y.M.C.A. July 17th to 20th. In Buenos Aires.

July 20th to August 1st. En route from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso via Straits of Magellan, unless it should be found possible to cross the Andes at this season.

Browning, Santiago August 1st to August 29th. In Chili, visiting Valparaiso, Santiago, Concepcion, Chillan, Parral, Talca, Caldera, Copiapo, Taltal, and other points.

Schelling, Methodista August 30th-Sept.6th. Visit to Lapaz, Bolovia.

American Consul, Callao Sept.6th-10th. En route from La Paz to Callao.

" Sept.10th-13th. Callao and Lima, Peru.

Secretary Y.M.C.A. Panama Sept.14th-22nd. En route from Callao to Panama.

Lee, Barranquilla Sept.23rd-29th. Visit to Barranquilla.

Sept.29th to Oct.13th. En route from Barranquilla to New York.

Alternative Itinerary from September 22nd, on.

Sept.22nd to 30th. From Callao to Buenventura.

Sept.30th to Oct.9th. Buenventura, overland to Bogota.

Condor, Bogota. Oct.10th to 14th. In Bogota.

Oct.15th to 25th. Bogota to Barranquilla.

Lee, Barranquilla Oct.25th to 28th. In Barranquilla.

Oct.28th to Nov.11th. Barranquilla to New York.

Second Alternative from September 22nd.

Sentary, YMCA Panama Sept.22nd to Sept.30th. From Callao to Panama.

Lee, Barranquilla Sept.30th to Oct.8th. To Barranquilla and return to Panama.

Sentary, YMCA, Panama Oct.8th to Oct.13th. En route from Panama to Guatemala.

Allison, Guatemala. Oct.13th to 20th. Guatemala and Quezaltenango.

Oct.20th to 27th. En route from Guatemala City to New York.

MAIL ADDRESSES. (Subject to change.)

From three weeks to five weeks should be allowed, assuming that letters just catch an outgoing mail. Mail steamers to Brazil sail 1st and 3rd weeks of the month, and fortnightly or more frequently for the West Coast. Letters should be timed to arrive as follows:

Between May 20th and June 12th. c/o American Consul, Bahia, Brazil.

Between June 12th and 17th. c/o Secretario A.C.M., Caixa Postal 254, Rio de Janerio.

Between June 18th and July 5th. c/o Dr.H.M.Lane, Mackenzie College, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Between July 5th and July 17th. c/o Mr. B. A. Shuman, Young Men's Christian Association, Moreno 452, Buenos Aires, Brazil.

Between July 18th and August 25th. c/o Rev.W.B.Browning,Ph.D., Casilla 2037, Santiago, Chili.

Between August 26th and Sept.2nd. c/o American Consul, Callao, Peru.

Between Sept.3rd and Sept.15th. c/o Rev.W.S.Lee, American Presbyterian Mission, Barranquilla, Colombia.

Panorama de Punta Arenas (Magallanes)

UNION POSTA

REPUBLIC

CORRESPONDENCIA

Pacific Ocean.
July 30. 07

Dear Elliott.

This is a picture of Punta Arenas taken when the American fleet was there that was summer here. You are an out on the Pacific Ocean but it is a very unpopular ocean, all angry and shaking.

Your ever loving Father

C. VEIGA. — PUNTA ARENAS (MAGALLANES). — X 2.

Mr. Elliott Speer
To Mrs. Robert E. Speer,
Egles Mere
Pennsylvania
Estados Unidos de Norte America

FORM 20.
S. D. 2044

POSTAL TELEGRAPH COMMERCIAL CABLES

B R

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.

CABLEGRAM

AUG 3 1909

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. DESIGN PATENT NO. 36369.

The Postal Telegraph - Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this cablegram subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK
a289ny	yg	41009p	

Received at
944 BROADWAY
..... 190

From

Valdivia Aug 3

Inculcate

NY(Presbyterian Board of
Foreign Missions
156 5ave)

RECEIVED
AUG 4 1909
CABLE DEPT. OFFICE.

Jagdmantel

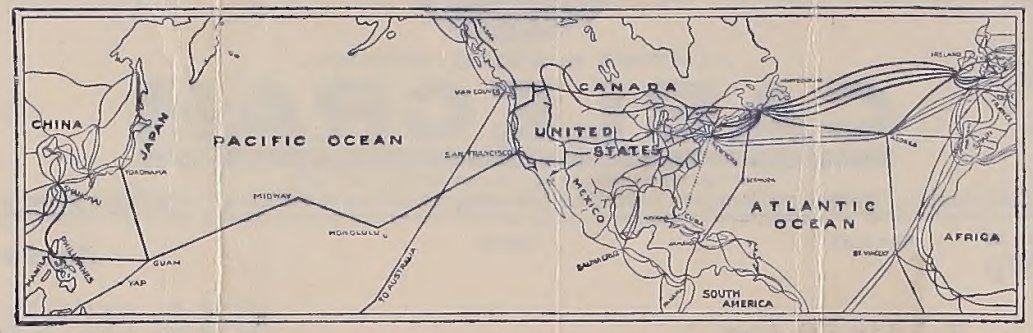
Speer

Translation: We reached here safely. All well.

No Inquiry respecting this message can be attended to without the production of this paper. *Repetitions of doubtful words should be obtained through the Company's offices, and not by DIRECT application to the sender.*

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SYSTEM.



EXTENDS OVER TWO-THIRDS AROUND THE GLOBE.

THE GREATEST TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SYSTEM IN THE WORLD. EXTENDS OVER TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY AROUND THE EARTH.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

TRANSMITS AND DELIVERS THE WITHIN MESSAGE SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS AND CONDITIONS:

THIS COMPANY may decline to forward any message, though it has been accepted for transmission, but in case of so doing, shall refund to the sender the amount paid for its transmission.

THIS COMPANY WILL NOT ASSUME ANY RESPONSIBILITY IN RESPECT TO ANY MESSAGE BEYOND THE TERMINUS OF ITS OWN LINES.

To guard against mistakes or delays, the sender of a message should WRITE IT LEGIBLY and order it REPEATED; that is, telegraphed back to the sending station for comparison. For such repeating an additional charge of one-quarter the regular rate will be made.

It is agreed between the sender of the message on the face hereof, and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, or mis-delivery, of any unrepeated message beyond the amount of that portion of the charge which may or shall accrue to this Company out of the amount received from the sender for this, and the other companies, by whose lines such message may pass to reach its destination; and that this Company shall not be liable for mistakes in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, or mis-delivery, of any repeated message beyond fifty times the extra sum received by this Company from the sender for repeating such message over its own lines.

This Company is hereby made the agent of the sender without liability to forward any message by the lines of any other company to reach its destination.

This Company shall not be responsible for messages until they are presented and accepted at one of its transmitting offices; if a message be sent to such office by one of the Company's messengers, the messenger acts for that purpose as the agent of the sender; if by telephone, the person receiving the message acts therein as the agent of the sender, and is authorized to assent to these conditions on behalf of the sender.

This Company shall not be liable in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the filing of the message.

This Company shall not be liable in any case for delays arising from interruptions to the working of its lines, nor for errors in cipher or obscure messages.

This is an UNREPEATED message and is delivered by request of the sender under the conditions named above.

No employee of this Company is authorized to vary the foregoing.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

CHARLES C. ADAMS, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT. EDWARD J. NALLY, VICE-PREST. AND GENERAL MANAGER. CHARLES P. BRUCH, THIRD VICE-PREST.

NO OTHER SERVICE EQUALS THE "POSTAL'S"

Form 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED

24,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

This Company **TRANSMITS** and **DELIVERS** messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of **Unrepeated Messages**, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.

This is an **UNREPEATED MESSAGE**, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.

ROBERT C. CLOWRY, President and General Manager.

808 pm

NUMBER	SENT BY	REC'D BY	CHECK
60 Ny	BS	B	11 Pd

RECEIVED at No. 11 North 3d Street, Harrisburg, Pa. May 20th 1909

TELEPHONES: BELL, 1742. AMERICAN UNION, 303

Dated Englewood N J

To Mrs Robert E Speer
c/o Mrs Bailey 31 S Front St
Hbg Pa

Elliott Briggs Cable from Bahia
Saying arrived here safely all
well

Wm Dulles

MONEY TRANSFERRED BY TELEGRAPH. **CABLE OFFICE.**

SEE OTHER SIDE FOR TELEGRAM

The Western Union Telegraph Company

THE LARGEST TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM IN THE WORLD.

OVER ONE MILLION MILES OF WIRE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

It has over 24,000 Telegraph Offices, including Branch Offices.

It has also Direct Connection by Telegraph or Telephone with as many more remote and smaller stations, making a total list of over 50,000 in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and this number is rapidly increasing.

Seven Atlantic Cables,

Connecting North America with all points in Europe and beyond, including Two Cables of the American Telegraph and Cable Company, Four Cables of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, and One Cable of the Direct United States Cable Co.

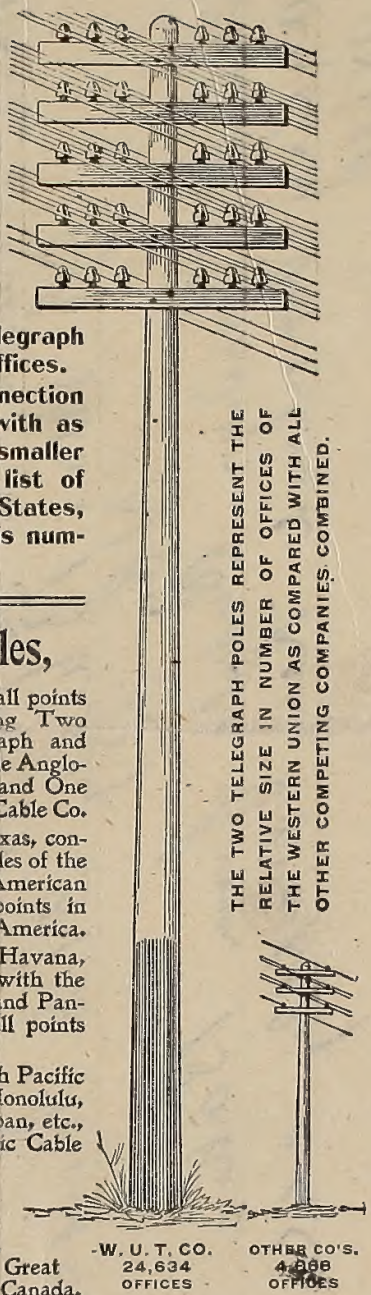
Direct Wires to Galveston, Texas, connecting at that place with the Cables of the Mexican, the Central and South American Telegraph Companies for all points in Mexico and Central and South America.

Direct Wires and Cables to Havana, Cuba, connecting at that place with the Cuba Submarine and West India and Panama Telegraph Companies for all points in the West Indies.

Connects at San Francisco with Pacific Cables to the Sandwich Islands, Honolulu, Guam, the Philippines, China, Japan, etc., and at Victoria, B. C., with Pacific Cable to Australia and New Zealand.

Connects at Seattle, Wash., with U. S. Government Lines and Cables to and in Alaska.

Exclusive connection with the Great North-Western Telegraph Co. of Canada.



DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MONEY ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE

SEE OTHER SIDE FOR TELEGRAM